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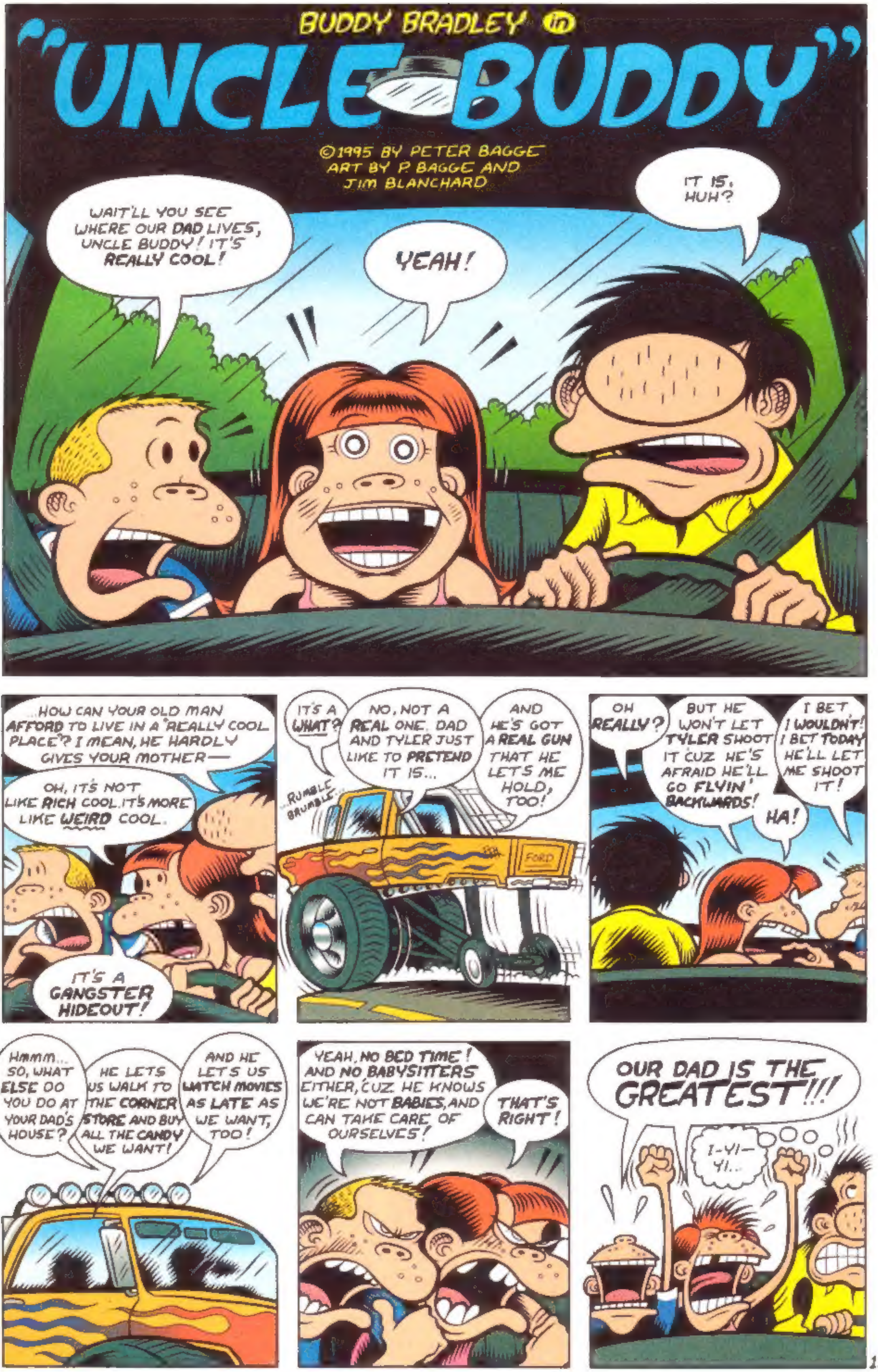
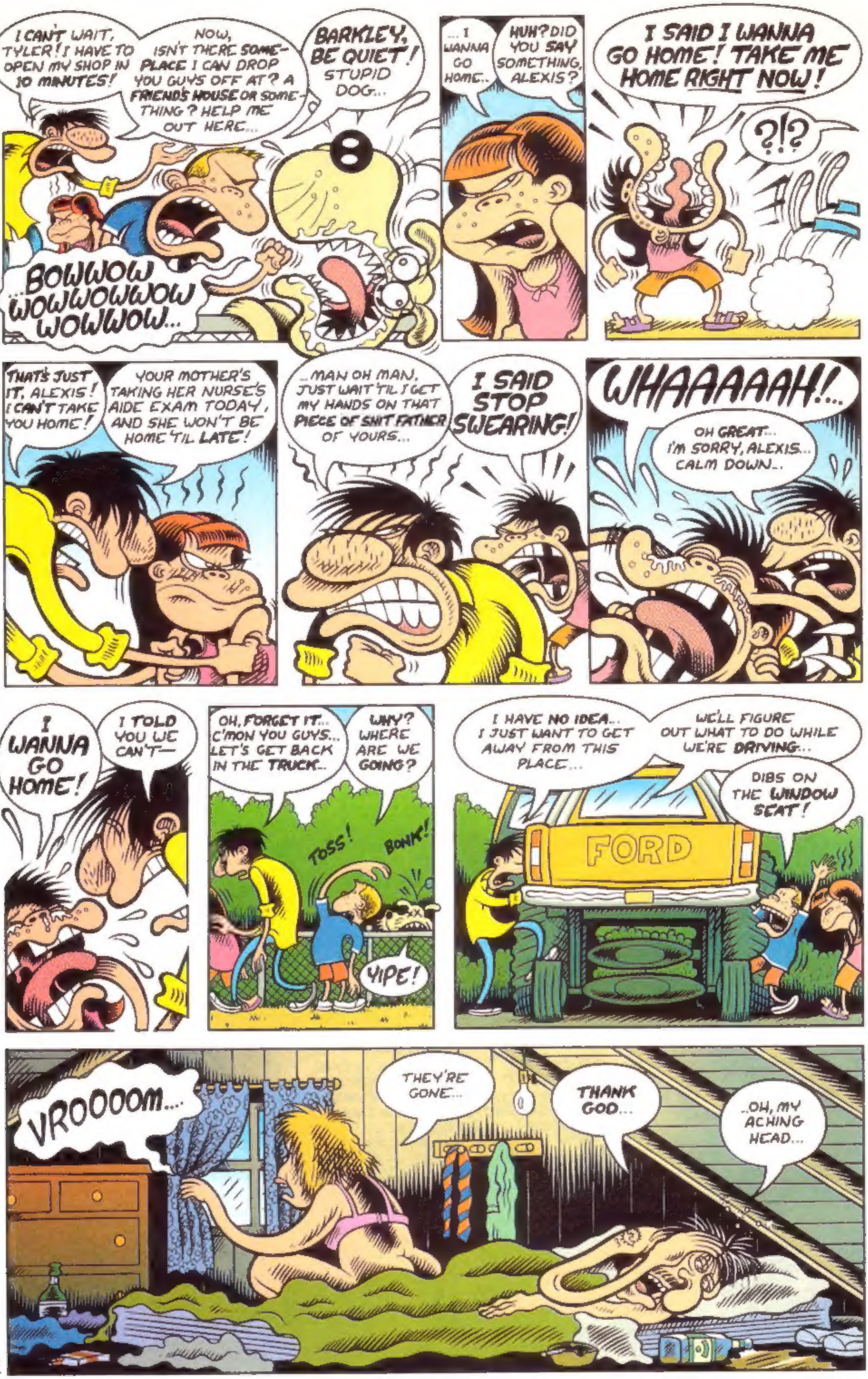


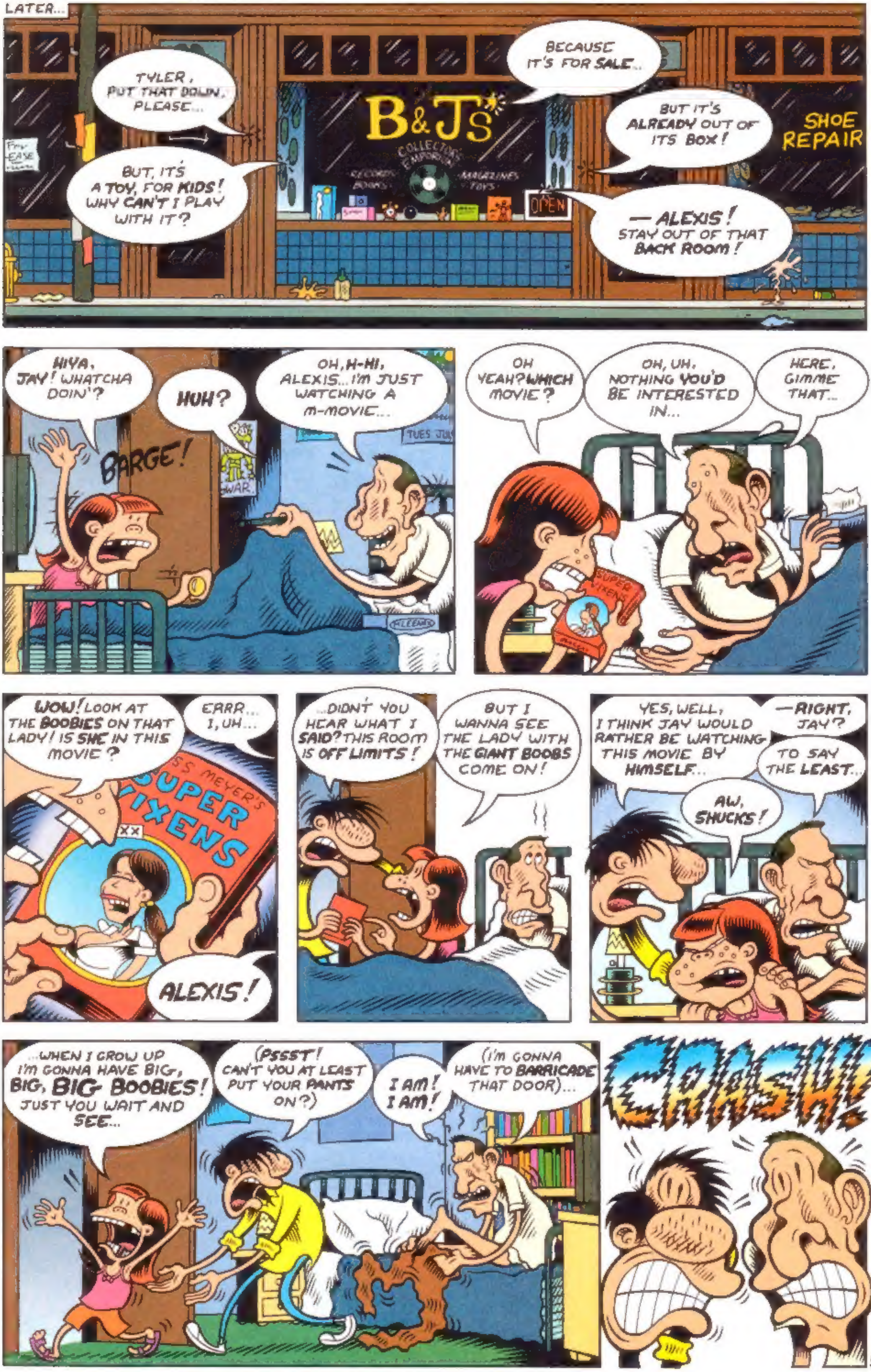
BUDDY BRADLEY in
"UNCLE BUDDY"
©1995 BY PETER BAGGE
ART BY P. BAGGE AND JIM BLANCHARD
WAIT'LL YOU SEE WHERE OUR DAD LIVES, UNCLE BUDDY! IT'S REALLY COOL!
YEAH!
IT IS, HUH?
...HOW CAN YOUR OLD MAN AFFORD TO LIVE IN A "REALLY COOL PLACE"? I MEAN, HE HARDLY GIVES YOUR MOTHER—
OH, IT'S NOT LIKE RICH COOL. IT'S MORE LIKE WEIRD COOL.
IT'S A GANGSTER HIDEOUT!
IT'S A WHAT?
NO, NOT A REAL ONE. DAD AND TYLER JUST LIKE TO PRETEND IT IS...
AND HE'S GOT A REAL GUN THAT HE LET'S ME HOLD, TOO!
...RUMBLE RRUMBLE...
FORD
OH REALLY?
BUT HE WON'T LET TYLER SHOOT IT 'CUZ HE'S AFRAID HE'LL GO FLYIN' BACKWARDS!
HA!
I BET I WOULDN'T! I BET TODAY HE'LL LET ME SHOOT IT!
Hmmm... SO, WHAT ELSE DO YOU DO AT YOUR DAD'S HOUSE?
HE LETS US WALK TO THE CORNER STORE AND BUY ALL THE CANDY WE WANT!
AND HE LET'S US WATCH MOVIES AS LATE AS WE WANT, TOO!
YEAH, NO BED TIME! AND NO BABYSITTERS EITHER, 'CUZ HE KNOWS WE'RE NOT BABIES, AND CAN TAKE CARE OF OURSELVES!
THAT'S RIGHT!
OUR DAD IS THE GREATEST!!!
I-YI-YI...

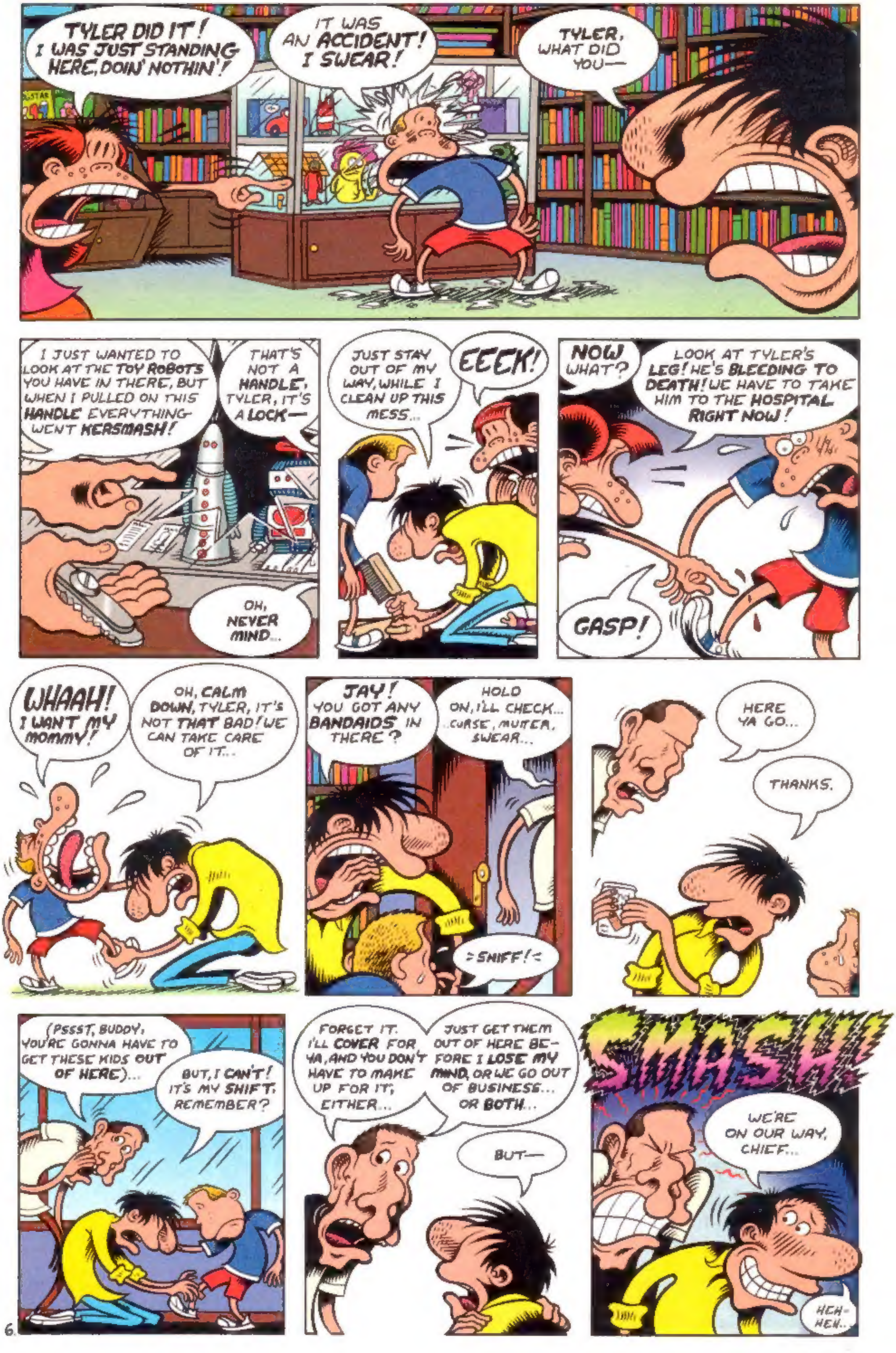
THERE IT IS, UNCLE BUDDY!
SEE? ISN'T IT COOL?
THIS IS IT?!
WHAT A DUMP!
>WOOF!< >WOOF!< >WOOF!<
US MAIL
2468
BEWARE OF DOG
I CANNOT BELIEVE THIS PLACE...
C'MON, UNCLE BUDDY! YA HAVE TA SAY HI TO THE INDIAN STATUE BEFORE YOU CAN GO IN!
"HOW."
HUH? OH, HIYA, MR. INDIAN...
NO, NOT LIKE THAT!
YA GOTTA DO IT LIKE THIS...
..."HOW."
OH...
..."HOW NOW, CHIEF BROWN COW."
HIS NAME'S NOT BROWN COW!
KEE-RYST! I CAN'T WAIT TO GET RID OF THESE TWO LITTLE LOUDMOUTHS!

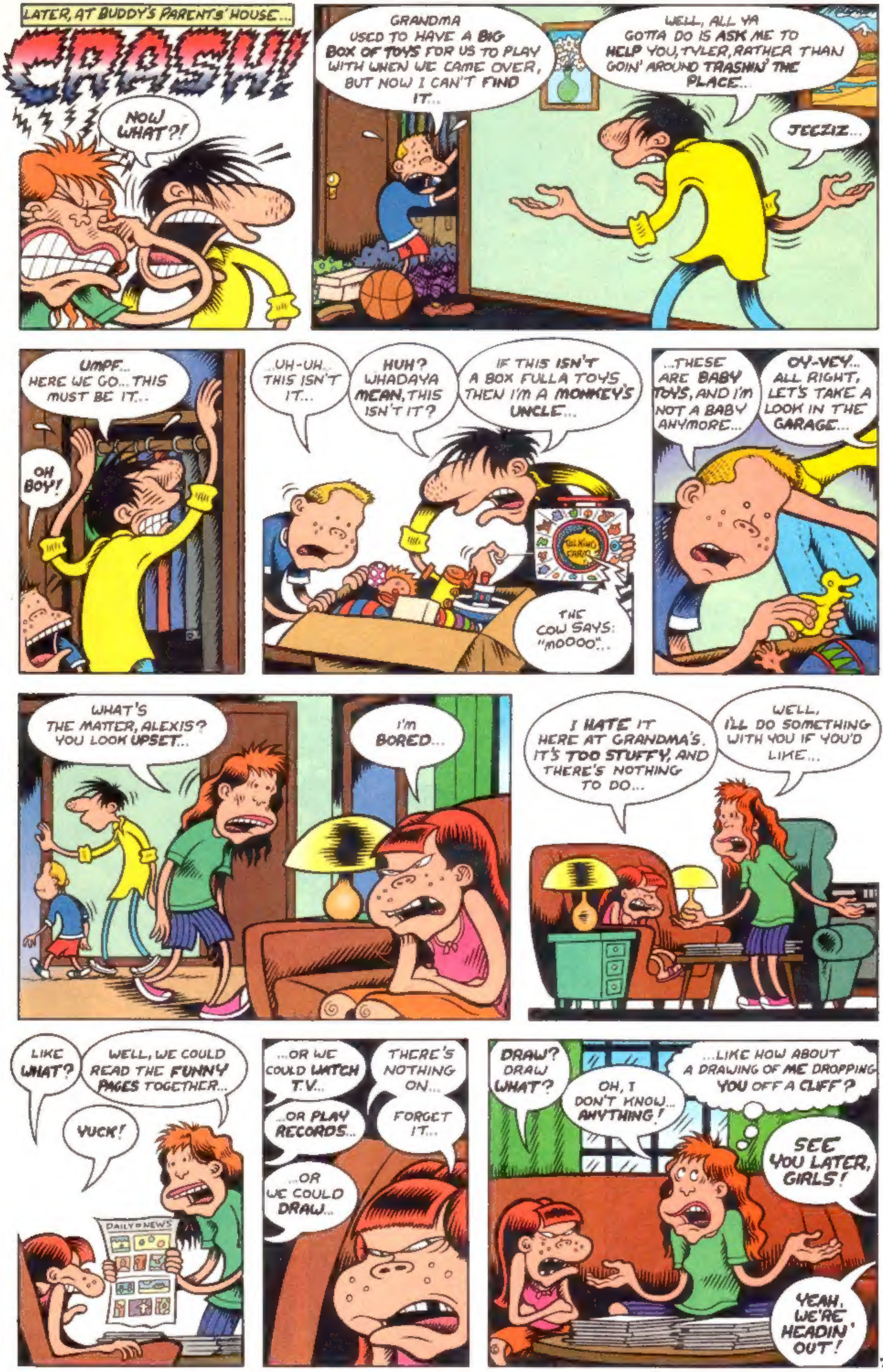
SHOULD WE KNOCK FIRST, OR JUST WALK RIGHT IN?
TRY PRESSING THE BUZZER!
BZZZZK!
YEEOWCH!
OH YEAH, I FORGOT: THE BUZZER'S BROKEN...
NO SHIT, TYLER...
DON'T SWEAR, UNCLE BUDDY...
KNOCK! KNOCK! KNOCK!
HMMMM... HE SURE IS TAKING HIS TIME ANSWERING THE DOOR...
MAYBE HE'S STILL ASLEEP...
WOOF! WOOF! WOOF!
ASLEEP? IT'S AFTER ONE O'CLOCK!
...YOUR MOTHER DID TELL HIM THAT I WAS BRINGING YOU GUYS OVER, DIDN'T SHE?
WELL, YEAH... I THINK SO...
BE QUIET, BARKLEY!
LEAP!
WOOF! WOOF! WOOF!
DO YOU SEE ANY-THING?
CAN'T TELL... IT'S AWFULLY DARK AND CLUTTERED IN THERE...
C'MON, JOEL, DON'T DO THIS TO ME!
HE MUST BE HOME, 'CUZ HIS MOTORCYCLE'S HERE...
GRRRRR...
BASH! BASH! BASH!
WAKE UP, JOEL, YOU LAZY BASTARD!
DON'T! YOU'LL BREAK THE GLASS!
BOW! WOW! WOW! WOW! WOW! WOW! WOW! WOW!
AND STOP SWEARING!
=SIGH= NO ANSWER... MAYBE WE SHOULD JUST BREAK IN...
YEAH!
NO, DON'T! WHAT IF HE IS HOME? HE'LL THINK WE'RE ROBBERS AND SHOOT US!
LOOK, ALEXIS, IT'S OBVIOUS THAT HE ISN'T HOME, AND THERE'S NO WAY I'M GONNA LEAVE YOU HERE BY YOURSELVES, 'CUZ YOUR MOM'LL KILL ME IF I DID...
SO, WHAT DO YOU THINK WE SHOULD DO NOW? ANY SUGGESTIONS?
LET'S JUST SIT AND WAIT FOR HIM! I BE HE JUST WENT TO THE STORE! HE'LL BE BACK SOON!
ARF! ARF!



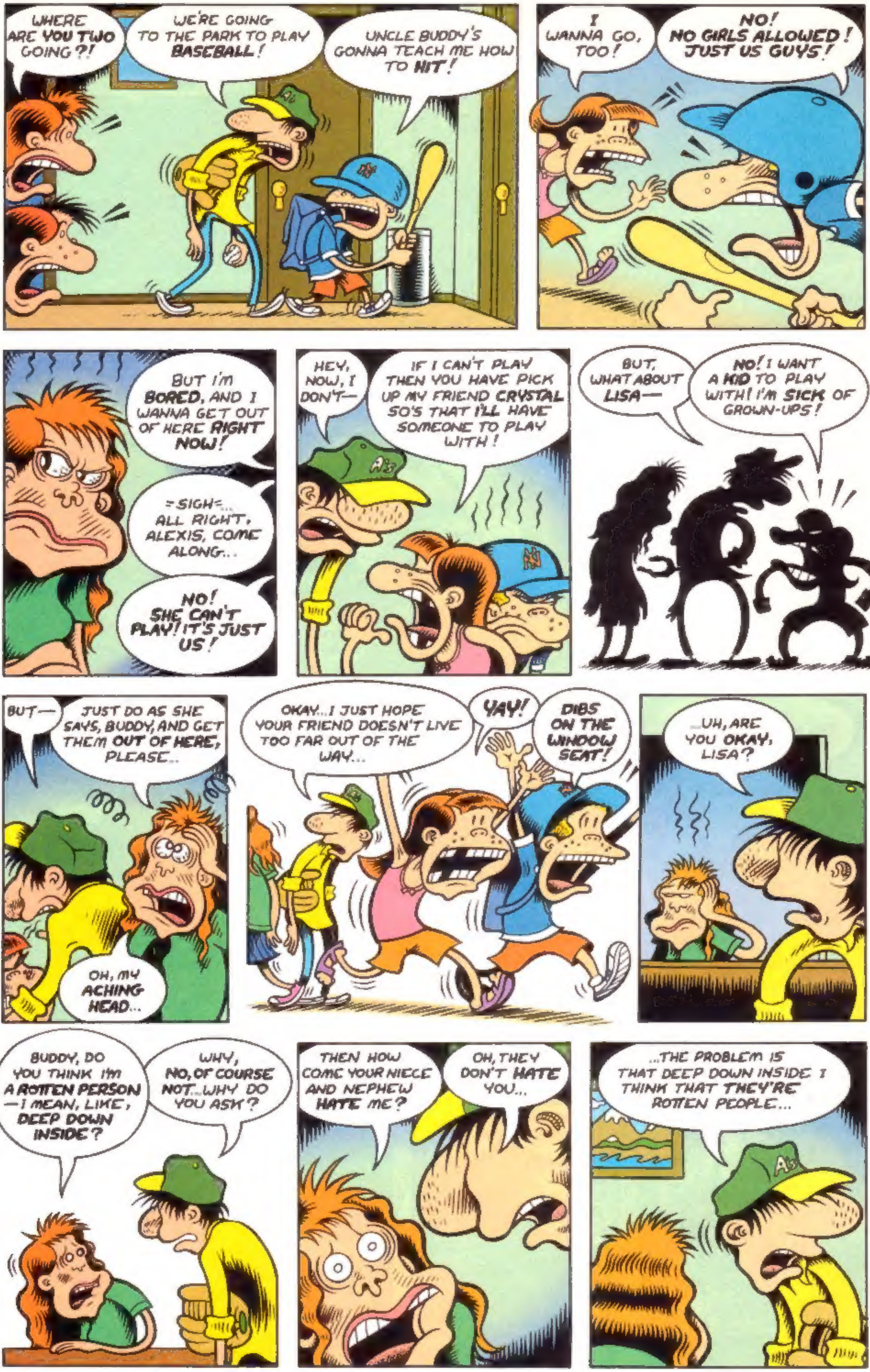
I CAN'T WAIT, TYLER! I HAVE TO OPEN MY SHOP IN 10 MINUTES!
NOW, ISN'T THERE SOME-PLACE I CAN DROP YOU GUYS OFF AT? A FRIEND'S HOUSE OR SOME-THING? HELP ME OUT HERE...
BOWWOW ...WOWWOWWOW WOWWOW...
BARKLEY, BE QUIET! STUPID DOG...
...I WANNA GO HOME..
HUH? DID YOU SAY SOMETHING, ALEXIS?
I SAID I WANNA GO HOME! TAKE ME HOME RIGHT NOW!
?!?
THAT'S JUST IT, ALEXIS! I CAN'T TAKE YOU HOME!
YOUR MOTHER'S TAKING HER NURSE'S AIDE EXAM TODAY, AND SHE WON'T BE HOME 'TIL LATE!
...MAN OH MAN, JUST WAIT 'TIL I GET MY HANDS ON THAT PIECE OF SHIT FATHER OF YOURS...
I SAID STOP SWEARING!
WHAAAAAH!...
OH GREAT... I'M SORRY, ALEXIS... CALM DOWN...
I WANNA GO HOME!
I TOLD YOU WE CAN'T—
OH, FORGET IT... C'MON YOU GUYS... LET'S GET BACK IN THE TRUCK..
WHY? WHERE ARE WE GOING?
TOSS!
BONK!
YIPE!
I HAVE NO IDEA... I JUST WANT TO GET AWAY FROM THIS PLACE...
WE'LL FIGURE OUT WHAT TO DO WHILE WE'RE DRIVING...
DIBS ON THE WINDOW SEAT!
FORD
VROOOOM...
THEY'RE GONE...
THANK GOD...
..OH, MY ACHING HEAD...

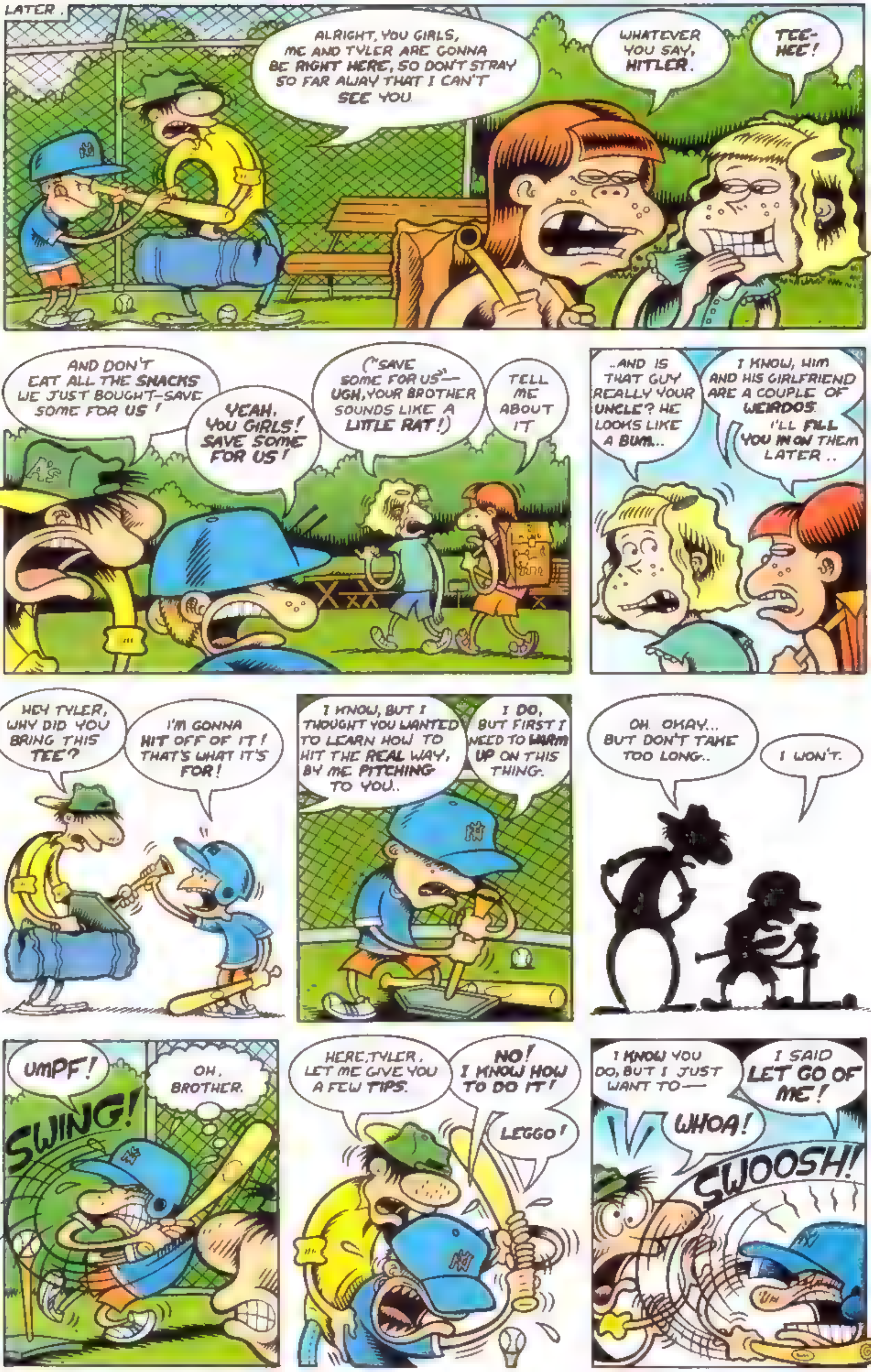

LATER...
TYLER, PUT THAT DOWN, PLEASE...
BUT, IT'S A TOY, FOR KIDS! WHY CAN'T I PLAY WITH IT?
B&J's
COLLECTOR'S EMPORIUM
RECORDS BOOKS MAGAZINES TOYS
OPEN
SHOE REPAIR
BECAUSE IT'S FOR SALE...
BUT IT'S ALREADY OUT OF ITS BOX!
— ALEXIS! STAY OUT OF THAT BACK ROOM!
HIYA, JAY! WHATCHA DOIN'?
BARGE!
HUH?
OH, H-HI, ALEXIS... I'M JUST WATCHING A M-MOVIE...
OH YEAH? WHICH MOVIE?
OH, UH, NOTHING YOU'D BE INTERESTED IN...
HERE, GIMME THAT...
WOW! LOOK AT THE BOOBIES ON THAT LADY! IS SHE IN THIS MOVIE?
ERRR... I, UH...
SUPER VIXENS
ALEXIS!
...DIDN'T YOU HEAR WHAT I SAID? THIS ROOM IS OFF LIMITS!
BUT I WANNA SEE THE LADY WITH THE GIANT BOOBS COME ON!
YES, WELL, I THINK JAY WOULD RATHER BE WATCHING THIS MOVIE BY HIMSELF...
—RIGHT, JAY?
TO SAY THE LEAST...
AW, SHUCKS!
...WHEN I GROW UP I'M GONNA HAVE BIG, BIG, BIG BOOBIES! JUST YOU WAIT AND SEE...
(PSSST! CAN'T YOU AT LEAST PUT YOUR PANTS ON?)
I AM! I AM!
(I'M GONNA HAVE TO BARRICADE THAT DOOR)...
CRASH!


TYLER DID IT! I WAS JUST STANDING HERE, DOIN' NOTHIN'!
IT WAS AN ACCIDENT! I SWEAR!
TYLER, WHAT DID YOU—
I JUST WANTED TO LOOK AT THE TOY ROBOTS YOU HAVE IN THERE, BUT WHEN I PULLED ON THIS HANDLE EVERYTHING WENT KERSMASH!
THAT'S NOT A HANDLE, TYLER, IT'S A LOCK—
OH, NEVER MIND...
JUST STAY OUT OF MY WAY, WHILE I CLEAN UP THIS MESS...
EEEK!
NOW WHAT?
LOOK AT TYLER'S LEG! HE'S BLEEDING TO DEATH! WE HAVE TO TAKE HIM TO THE HOSPITAL RIGHT NOW!
GASP!
WHAAH! I WANT MY MOMMY!
OH, CALM DOWN, TYLER, IT'S NOT THAT BAD! WE CAN TAKE CARE OF IT...
JAY! YOU GOT ANY BANDAIDS IN THERE?
HOLD ON, I'LL CHECK... ..CURSE, MUTTER, SWEAR...
>SNIFF!<
HERE YA GO...
THANKS.
(PSSST, BUDDY, YOU'RE GONNA HAVE TO GET THESE KIDS OUT OF HERE)...
BUT, I CAN'T! IT'S MY SHIFT. REMEMBER?
FORGET IT. I'LL COVER FOR YA, AND YOU DON'T HAVE TO MAKE UP FOR IT, EITHER...
JUST GET THEM OUT OF HERE BE-FORE I LOSE MY MIND, OR WE GO OUT OF BUSINESS... OR BOTH...
BUT—
SMASH!
WE'RE ON OUR WAY, CHIEF...
HEH-HEH...



LATER, AT BUDDY'S PARENTS' HOUSE...
CRASH!
NOW WHAT?!
GRANDMA USED TO HAVE A BIG BOX OF TOYS FOR US TO PLAY WITH WHEN WE CAME OVER, BUT NOW I CAN'T FIND IT...
WELL, ALL YA GOTTA DO IS ASK ME TO HELP YOU, TYLER, RATHER THAN GOIN' AROUND TRASHIN' THE PLACE...
JEEZIZ...
UMPF... HERE WE GO... THIS MUST BE IT...
OH BOY!
...UH-UH... THIS ISN'T IT...
HUH? WHADAYA MEAN, THIS ISN'T IT?
IF THIS ISN'T A BOX FULLA TOYS THEN I'M A MONKEY'S UNCLE...
THE COW SAYS: "MOOOO"...
...THESE ARE BABY TOYS, AND I'M NOT A BABY ANYMORE...
OY-VEY... ALL RIGHT, LET'S TAKE A LOOK IN THE GARAGE...
WHAT'S THE MATTER, ALEXIS? YOU LOOK UPSET...
I'M BORED...
I HATE IT HERE AT GRANDMA'S. IT'S TOO STUFFY, AND THERE'S NOTHING TO DO...
WELL, I'LL DO SOMETHING WITH YOU IF YOU'D LIKE...
LIKE WHAT?
WELL, WE COULD READ THE FUNNY PAGES TOGETHER...
YUCK!
DAILY NEWS
...OR WE COULD WATCH T.V...
THERE'S NOTHING ON...
...OR PLAY RECORDS...
FORGET IT...
...OR WE COULD DRAW...
DRAW? DRAW WHAT?
OH, I DON'T KNOW... ANYTHING!
...LIKE HOW ABOUT A DRAWING OF ME DROPPING YOU OFF A CLIFF?
SEE YOU LATER, GIRLS!
YEAH, WE'RE HEADIN' OUT!


WHERE ARE YOU TWO GOING?!
WE'RE GOING TO THE PARK TO PLAY BASEBALL!
UNCLE BUDDY'S GONNA TEACH ME HOW TO HIT!
I WANNA GO, TOO!
NO! NO GIRLS ALLOWED! JUST US GUYS!
BUT I'M BORED, AND I WANNA GET OUT OF HERE RIGHT NOW!
=SIGH=... ALL RIGHT, ALEXIS, COME ALONG...
NO! SHE CAN'T PLAY! IT'S JUST US!
HEY, NOW, I DON'T—
IF I CAN'T PLAY THEN YOU HAVE PICK UP MY FRIEND CRYSTAL SO'S THAT I'LL HAVE SOMEONE TO PLAY WITH!
BUT, WHAT ABOUT LISA—
NO! I WANT A KID TO PLAY WITH! I'M SICK OF GROWN-UPS!
BUT—
JUST DO AS SHE SAYS, BUDDY, AND GET THEM OUT OF HERE, PLEASE...
OH, MY ACHING HEAD...
OKAY... I JUST HOPE YOUR FRIEND DOESN'T LIVE TOO FAR OUT OF THE WAY...
YAY!
DIBS ON THE WINDOW SEAT!
...UH, ARE YOU OKAY, LISA?
BUDDY, DO YOU THINK I'M A ROTTEN PERSON —I MEAN, LIKE, DEEP DOWN INSIDE?
WHY, NO, OF COURSE NOT... WHY DO YOU ASK?
THEN HOW COME YOUR NIECE AND NEPHEW HATE ME?
OH, THEY DON'T HATE YOU...
...THE PROBLEM IS THAT DEEP DOWN INSIDE I THINK THAT THEY'RE ROTTEN PEOPLE...


LATER.
ALRIGHT, YOU GIRLS, ME AND TYLER ARE GONNA BE RIGHT HERE, SO DON'T STRAY SO FAR AWAY THAT I CAN'T SEE YOU.
WHATEVER YOU SAY, HITLER.
TEE-HEE!
AND DON'T EAT ALL THE SNACKS WE JUST BOUGHT—SAVE SOME FOR US!
YEAH, YOU GIRLS! SAVE SOME FOR US!
("SAVE SOME FOR US"— UGH, YOUR BROTHER SOUNDS LIKE A LITTLE RAT!)
TELL ME ABOUT IT
..AND IS THAT GUY REALLY YOUR UNCLE? HE LOOKS LIKE A BUM...
I KNOW, HIM AND HIS GIRLFRIEND ARE A COUPLE OF WEIRDOS. I'LL FILL YOU IN ON THEM LATER..
HEY TYLER, WHY DID YOU BRING THIS TEE?
I'M GONNA HIT OFF OF IT! THAT'S WHAT IT'S FOR!
I KNOW, BUT I THOUGHT YOU WANTED TO LEARN HOW TO HIT THE REAL WAY, BY ME PITCHING TO YOU..
I DO, BUT FIRST I NEED TO WARM UP ON THIS THING.
OH. OKAY... BUT DON'T TAKE TOO LONG..
I WON'T.
UMPF!
OH, BROTHER.
SWING!
HERE, TYLER, LET ME GIVE YOU A FEW TIPS.
NO! I KNOW HOW TO DO IT!
LEGGO!
I KNOW YOU DO, BUT I JUST WANT TO—
I SAID LET GO OF ME!
WHOA!
SWOOSH!

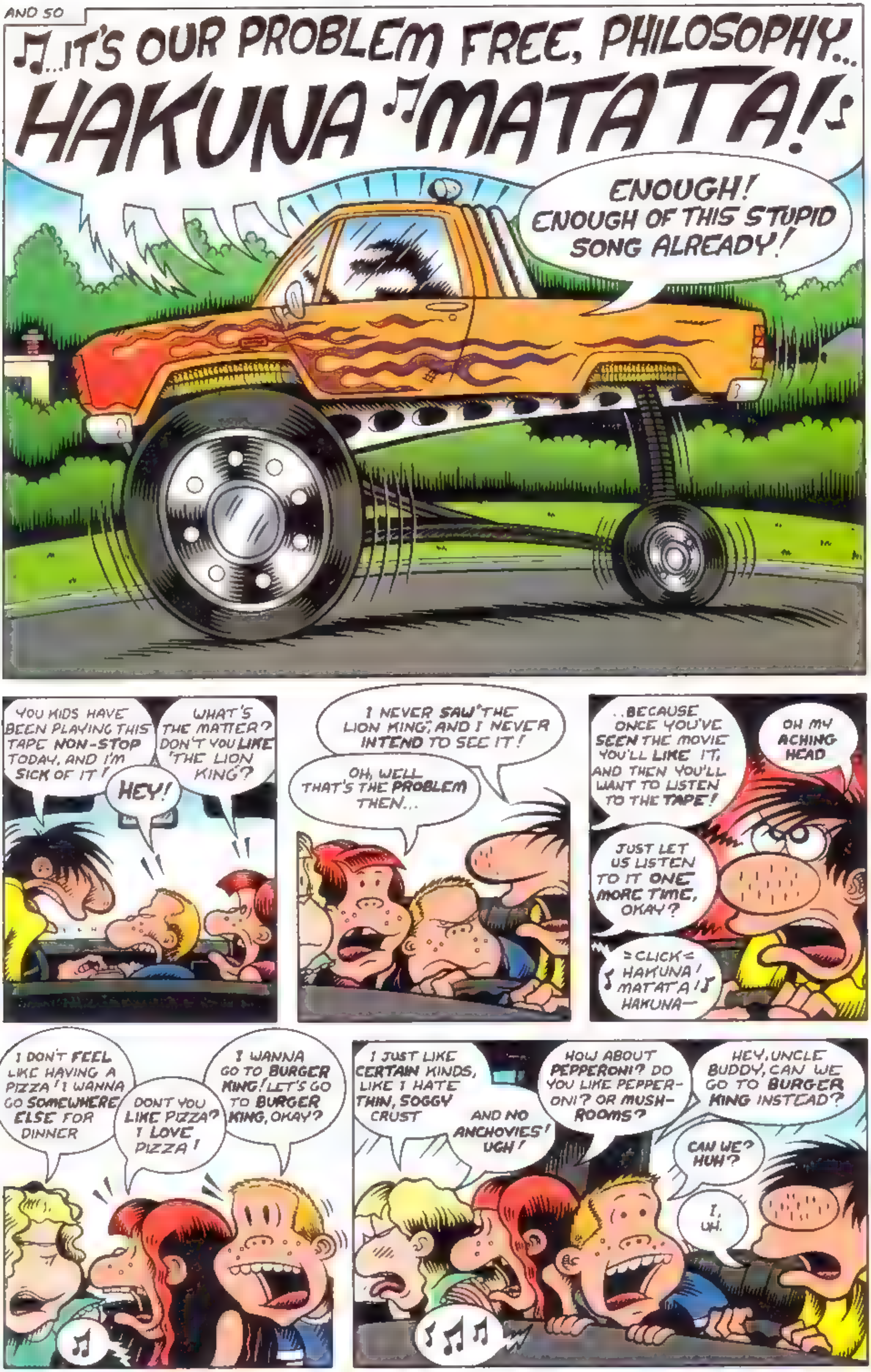
I TOLD YOU I KNOW HOW! NOW LEAVE ME ALONE!
OKAY! OKAY! CALM DOWN!
HOLY SMOKES!
SWING!
OOF!
BONK!
OW!
PLOP!
UH, LOOK, TYLER, WHILE YOU'RE PRACTICING I'M GONNA GO GET SOMETHING TO EAT.
SWING!
HUFF!
DO YOU WANT ME TO BRING YOU BACK SOMETHING? SOME JUICE PERHAPS?
SWOOSH!
UGH!
VERY WELL THEN, I'LL SEE YOU IN A BIT..
FAN!
GRUNT!
HOW ABOUT RANDY EDMONDS? WOULD YOU KISS HIM?
OH, I SUPPOSE.
WOULD YOU TONGUE KISS HIM?
SURE WHY NOT?
OKAY THEN, HOW ABOUT JAMAAL WOODSON —WOULD YOU KISS HIM?
NO
— I MEAN, YES.
WHY DID YOU SWITCH TO YES? IS IT JUST BECAUSE HE'S BLACK?
=TSK!= NO! OF COURSE NOT!
THEN WHY? I THOUGHT YOU DIDN'T LIKE JAMAAL!
I DON'T, BUT WHAT DOES THAT HAVE TO DO WITH KISSING A BOY?
WOULD YOU TONGUE K—
UH-OH, SHHHH!

?!?!?
WHAT ON EARTH ARE YOU TWO GIRLS TALKING ABOUT?
NOTHING! (TEE-HEE!)
NONE OF YOUR BEES-WAX!
TSK, TSK, TSK . KIDS THESE DAYS, I TELL YA..
JUST WHEN YOU THINK YOU'VE HEARD EVERYTHING
=GIGGLE!=
—HEY, WHAT HAPPENED TO THOSE ORANGES WE BOUGHT? I COULDA SWORE
WE HAVE THEM, UNCLE BUDDY!
TEE-HEE!
OH YEAH? WELL, TWO OF 'EM ARE OURS, SO—
WHAT THE?!?
TA-DA!
COME AND GET 'EM, BIG BOY!
TEE-HEE!
ALL RIGHT, VERY FUNNY NOW FORK 'EM OVER
NO!
THEY'RE OUR BOOBIES, NOT YOURS!
RAZZ!
I SAID GIVE 'EM HERE
EEK! HELP! MASHER!
HELP! HELP! CHILD MOLESTER!
GROPE!
(SHH! KEEP IT DOWN, YOU IDIOTS! THAT'S NOT FUNNY! JEEZIS)..
HA! HA! LOOK AT HIM! HE'S BLUSHING!
WHAT A SQUARE!
GIGGLE
HA! HA! HA! HA! HA! HA...
A "SQUARE." GOOD GRIEF!
THOSE GIRLS ARE REALLY HEADING FOR TROUBLE WITH THOSE SMART MOUTHS OF THEIRS.
UH-OH, NOW WHAT DOES THIS GUY WANT?
HE PROBABLY HEARD THE GIRLS SCREAMING AND IS GETTING READY TO PUNCH MY LIGHTS OUT.
OH GOOD, HE'S WALKING AWAY PHEW!
THOUGH FOR ALL I KNOW HE'S GOING TO CALL THE COPS ON ME
TEAM USA
...I MAY BE ACTING PARANOID, BUT THESE DAYS THERE ARE COUNTLESS WAYS FOR SOMEONE TO RUIN YOUR LIFE WITH JUST ONE PHONE CALL.

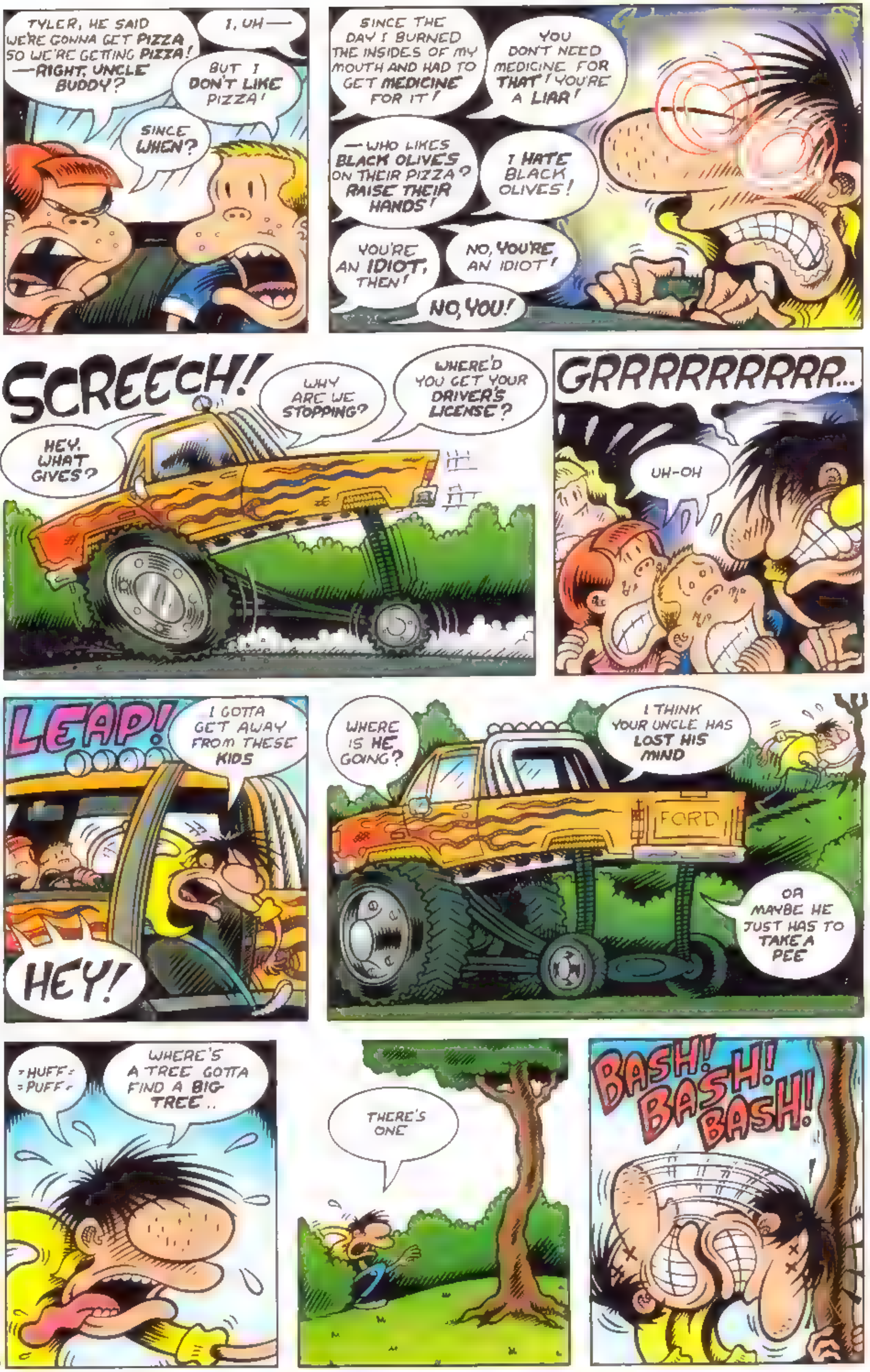
SWISH!
HEY, TYLER. STILL SWINGIN' AWAY, I SEE
UMPF!
WOULD YOU LIKE TO TAKE A BREAK AND HAVE AN ORANGE WITH ME?
NO!
SWING!
SUIT YOURSELF. HOPE YOU DON'T MIND IF I PARTAKE OF ONE
UNGH!
SWOOSH!
OOF!
BOP!
WHOA!
WHOOP!
OW.
SO DOES THIS MEAN THAT YOU'RE READY FOR ME TO PITCH TO YOU NOW?
=HUFF= =PUFF=
=PUFF=
SURE.
SURE YOU WOULDN'T LIKE TO EAT AN ORANGE FIRST?
I'M SURE
DRAG..
OKAY, NOW, TYLER, REMEMBER TO KEEP YOUR EYE ON THE BALL
I KNOW! I KNOW! JUST THROW IT!
ALL RIGHT, HERE COMES THE PITCH.
GET READY.
TOSS
POW!

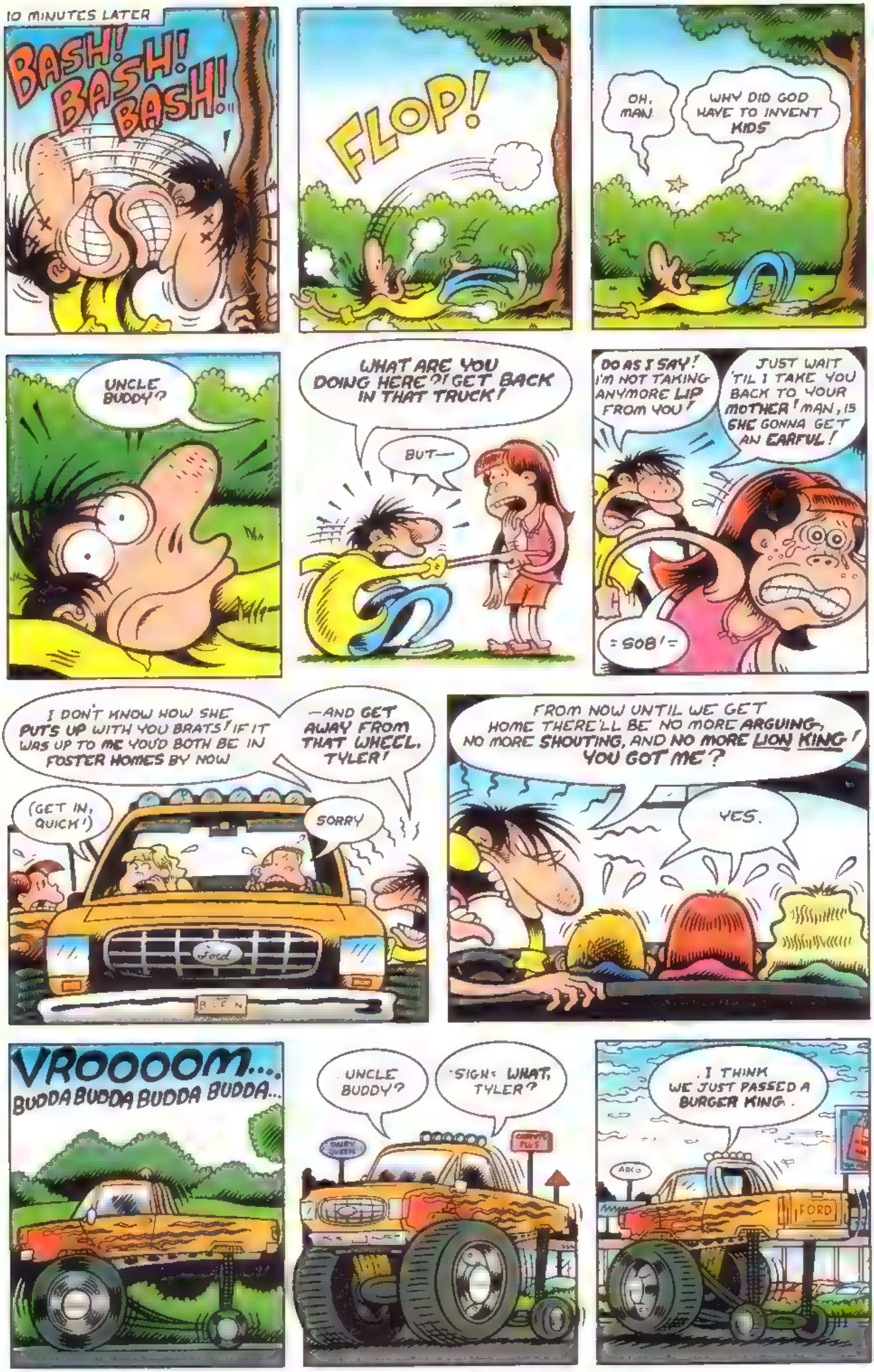
I HIT IT, UNCLE BUDDY! I HIT IT!
HOLY SMOKES.
I DON'T BELIEVE IT
THAT WAS A GREAT HIT, TYLER, BUT YOU FORGOT TO RUN TO FIRST BASE!
HURRY UP! RUN!
HUH? OH, YEAH
NOW RUN TO SECOND, TYLER! HURRY UP!
KEEP ON RUNNING!
-HUFF- -PUFF-
TO THIRD, TYLER! RUN TO THIRD!
DON'T STOP!
HEH-HEH
ZOOM!
NOW HEAD FOR HOME, TYLER! YOU CAN MAKE IT!
TAG! YOU'RE OUT
HUH?

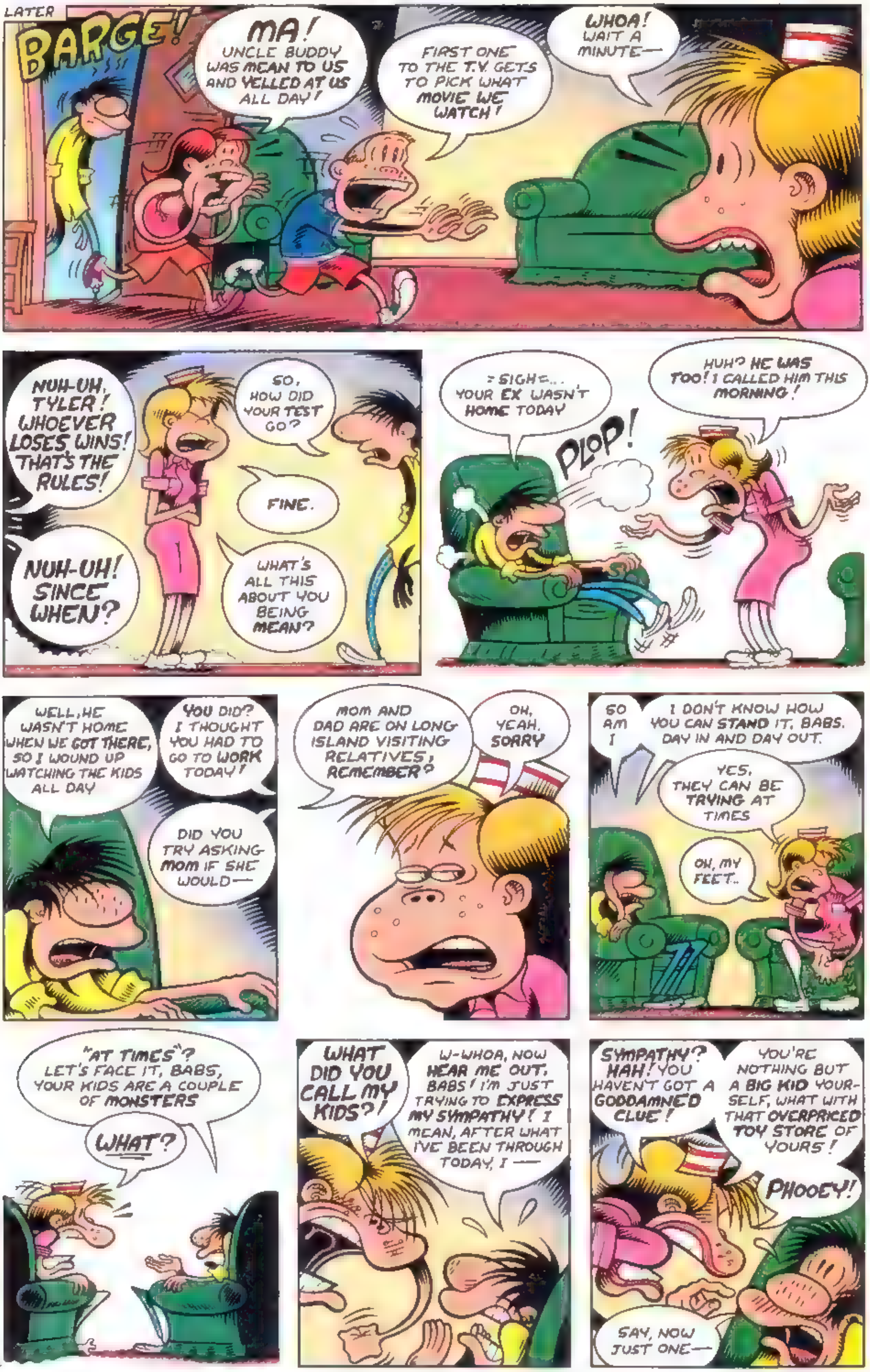
WHADAYA MEAN, I'M OUT?!
I TAGGED YOU, SO YOU'RE OUT! THAT'S THE RULES
SAYS WHO?
SAYS EVERY-BODY!
LOOK, I'M NOT THE ONE WHO INVENT-ED THIS GAME. YOU'LL JUST HAVE TO LEARN TO ACCEPT IT...
THAT'S CHEATING! THERE'S NO OUTS IN THIS GAME! WE'RE JUST PRACTICING!
WHOA, NOW CALM DOWN.
YOU'RE NOT SUPPOSED TO BE CHEATING! YOU'RE SUPPOSED TO BE TEACHING ME HOW TO BE GOOD AT SPORTS!
WHAAAAAAH!
OH BUH-RUH-THER..
OKAY, TYLER, I ADMIT THAT I WAS TEASING YOU, AND THAT THAT WASN'T FAIR OF ME...
=SNIFF!=
...BUT GEE WHIZ, IT'S SO HARD NOT TO TEASE YOU, CUZ YOU'RE SUCH AN EASY TARGET! YOU'RE SO STUBBORN AND TEMPERAMENTAL..
I AM NOT!
YES, YOU ARE!
YOU'RE JUST GONNA HAVE TO LEARN HOW TO ROLL WITH THE PUNCHES MORE
?!? "ROLL WITH THE PUNCHES"? WHAT PUNCHES? WHERE?
=SIGH= FORGET IT
BUT I MUST SAY THAT THIS EXPERIENCE HAS PROVEN THAT WE TWO HAVE SOMETHING IN COMMON...
OH YEAH? WHAT'S THAT?
THAT WE'RE BOTH A COUPLE OF HOPELESS CASES
?
..NOW GO GET YOUR SISTER AND HER PAL AND I'LL TAKE YOU ALL OUT FOR A PIZZA...
OH BOY!
HEY, SIS!



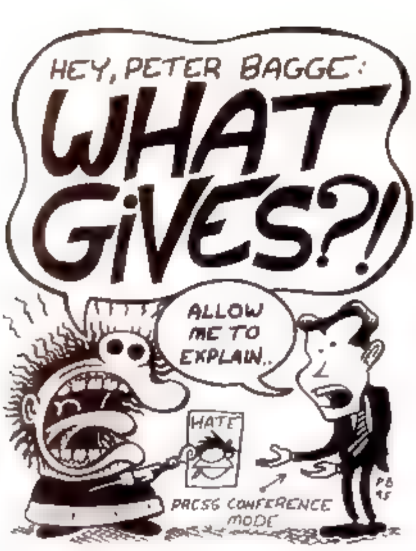
AND SO
♫...IT'S OUR PROBLEM FREE, PHILOSOPHY... HAKUNA ♫MATATA!♪
ENOUGH! ENOUGH OF THIS STUPID SONG ALREADY!
YOU KIDS HAVE BEEN PLAYING THIS TAPE NON-STOP TODAY, AND I'M SICK OF IT!
HEY!
WHAT'S THE MATTER? DON'T YOU LIKE 'THE LION KING'?
I NEVER SAW 'THE LION KING,' AND I NEVER INTEND TO SEE IT!
OH, WELL THAT'S THE PROBLEM THEN...
..BECAUSE ONCE YOU'VE SEEN THE MOVIE YOU'LL LIKE IT, AND THEN YOU'LL WANT TO LISTEN TO THE TAPE!
OH MY ACHING HEAD
JUST LET US LISTEN TO IT ONE MORE TIME, OKAY?
=CLICK= HAKUNA! MATATA! HAKUNA—
I DON'T FEEL LIKE HAVING A PIZZA! I WANNA GO SOMEWHERE ELSE FOR DINNER
DON'T YOU LIKE PIZZA? I LOVE PIZZA!
I WANNA GO TO BURGER KING! LET'S GO TO BURGER KING, OKAY?
I JUST LIKE CERTAIN KINDS, LIKE I HATE THIN, SOGGY CRUST
AND NO ANCHOVIES! UGH!
HOW ABOUT PEPPERONI? DO YOU LIKE PEPPERONI? OR MUSHROOMS?
HEY, UNCLE BUDDY, CAN WE GO TO BURGER KING INSTEAD?
CAN WE? HUH?
I, UH.


TYLER, HE SAID WE'RE GONNA GET PIZZA SO WE'RE GETTING PIZZA! —RIGHT, UNCLE BUDDY?
I, UH—
BUT I DON'T LIKE PIZZA!
SINCE WHEN?
SINCE THE DAY I BURNED THE INSIDES OF MY MOUTH AND HAD TO GET MEDICINE FOR IT!
YOU DON'T NEED MEDICINE FOR THAT! YOU'RE A LIAR!
—WHO LIKES BLACK OLIVES ON THEIR PIZZA? RAISE THEIR HANDS!
I HATE BLACK OLIVES!
YOU'RE AN IDIOT, THEN!
NO, YOU'RE AN IDIOT!
NO, YOU!
SCREECH!
HEY, WHAT GIVES?
WHY ARE WE STOPPING?
WHERE'D YOU GET YOUR DRIVER'S LICENSE?
GRRRRRRRRR...
UH-OH
LEAP!
I GOTTA GET AWAY FROM THESE KIDS
HEY!
WHERE IS HE GOING?
I THINK YOUR UNCLE HAS LOST HIS MIND
FORD
OR MAYBE HE JUST HAS TO TAKE A PEE
=HUFF= =PUFF=
WHERE'S A TREE GOTTA FIND A BIG TREE..
THERE'S ONE
BASH! BASH! BASH!


10 MINUTES LATER
BASH! BASH! BASH!
FLOP!
OH, MAN.
WHY DID GOD HAVE TO INVENT KIDS
UNCLE BUDDY?
WHAT ARE YOU DOING HERE?! GET BACK IN THAT TRUCK!
BUT—
DO AS I SAY! I'M NOT TAKING ANYMORE LIP FROM YOU!
JUST WAIT 'TIL I TAKE YOU BACK TO YOUR MOTHER! MAN, IS SHE GONNA GET AN EARFUL!
SOB!
I DON'T KNOW HOW SHE PUTS UP WITH YOU BRATS! IF IT WAS UP TO ME YOU'D BOTH BE IN FOSTER HOMES BY NOW
—AND GET AWAY FROM THAT WHEEL, TYLER!
(GET IN, QUICK!)
SORRY
FROM NOW UNTIL WE GET HOME THERE'LL BE NO MORE ARGUING, NO MORE SHOUTING, AND NO MORE LION KING! YOU GOT ME?
YES.
VROOOOM...
BUDDA BUDDA BUDDA BUDDA...
UNCLE BUDDY?
SIGH: WHAT, TYLER?
I THINK WE JUST PASSED A BURGER KING.


LATER
BARGE!
MA! UNCLE BUDDY WAS MEAN TO US AND YELLED AT US ALL DAY!
FIRST ONE TO THE T.V. GETS TO PICK WHAT MOVIE WE WATCH!
WHOA! WAIT A MINUTE—
NUH-UH, TYLER! WHOEVER LOSES WINS! THAT'S THE RULES!
NUH-UH! SINCE WHEN?
SO, HOW DID YOUR TEST GO?
FINE.
WHAT'S ALL THIS ABOUT YOU BEING MEAN?
=SIGH=... YOUR EX WASN'T HOME TODAY
PLOP!
HUH? HE WAS TOO! I CALLED HIM THIS MORNING!
WELL, HE WASN'T HOME WHEN WE GOT THERE, SO I WOUND UP WATCHING THE KIDS ALL DAY
YOU DID? I THOUGHT YOU HAD TO GO TO WORK TODAY!
DID YOU TRY ASKING MOM IF SHE WOULD—
MOM AND DAD ARE ON LONG ISLAND VISITING RELATIVES, REMEMBER?
OH, YEAH. SORRY
I DON'T KNOW HOW YOU CAN STAND IT, BABS. DAY IN AND DAY OUT.
SO AM I
YES, THEY CAN BE TRYING AT TIMES
OH, MY FEET..
"AT TIMES"? LET'S FACE IT, BABS, YOUR KIDS ARE A COUPLE OF MONSTERS
WHAT?
WHAT DID YOU CALL MY KIDS?!
W-WHOA, NOW HEAR ME OUT, BABS! I'M JUST TRYING TO EXPRESS MY SYMPATHY! I MEAN, AFTER WHAT I'VE BEEN THROUGH TODAY, I —
SYMPATHY? HAH! YOU HAVEN'T GOT A GODDAMNED CLUE!
YOU'RE NOTHING BUT A BIG KID YOURSELF, WHAT WITH THAT OVERPRICED TOY STORE OF YOURS!
PHOOEY!
SAY, NOW JUST ONE—

THERE'S NOTHING WRONG WITH MY KIDS —THEY'RE JUST KIDS, THAT'S ALL. THEY'RE JUST PEOPLE!
YOU THINK YOU WERE ANY BETTER WHEN YOU WERE A KID?
YOU THINK YOU'RE ANY BETTER NOW?
OKAY, ALL RIGHT, YOU MADE YOUR POINT!
CHRIST ALMIGHTY! I SHOULDN'TA SAID ANYTHING!
JUST YOU WAIT 'TIL YOU HAVE KIDS OF YOUR OWN—THEN WE'LL SEE WHAT PERFECT LITTLE ANGELS YOU'LL BE RAISING!
IN FACT, I DON'T FEEL THE LEAST BIT SORRY FOR YOU... YOU LEARNED A VALUABLE LESSON TODAY! YOU SHOULD BE GRATEFUL..
OH, IT WAS AN EDUCATION ALL RIGHT
mom?
YES, DEAR?
CAN I SIT ON YOUR LAP?
WHY OF COURSE, DEAR!
MY SWEET BUBALA
(YES, WELL, I GUESS I OUGHT TO BE GOING)
DO I OWE YOU FOR ANYTHING?
NAH, FORGET IT WE ATE DINNER AT BURGER KING, SO IT DIDN'T COME TO MUCH
DID YOU THANK YOUR UNCLE BUDDY FOR BUYING YOU YOUR DINNER? Hmm?
UH-HUH.
OW! TYLER, STOP BITING MY TIT! YOU'RE NOT A BABY ANY-MORE
TEE HEE!
VROOOOOM...
BUDDA BUDDA BUDDA BUDDA
I WONDER HOW MUCH A VASECTOMY COSTS THESE DAYS.
END

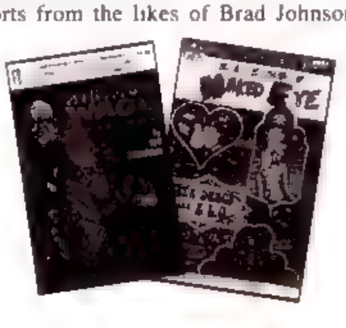


By now I'm sure you're all wondering what possessed me to include *paid advertising* in this issue of *Hate* (actually the movie ad on the back of last issue marked the beginning of this slippery slope), not to mention slapping on one of those dreaded, mark-of-the-beast U.P.C. price codes on the cover, both of which blasphemous moves being heretofore unheard of in the sanctified world of underground or "alternative" comics. Besides the obvious fact that I'm a hyper-ambitious greedhead, the reasons behind all this began when the price of paper went through the roof, which led to my publishers suggesting that I raise the cover price *yet again*, something that I'm determined *not* to do for as long as possible. Adding to this is the uncertain future of the comic book distribution system, the details of which I won't bore you with other than to say that I figured it was about time I did whatever I could to make *Hate* available in as many places as possible. Enter the *price code*, without which most newsstands and bookstores won't even consider carrying this title, thus making it more appealing to newsstand distributors. The down side to newsstand — as opposed to comic book — distribution is that you only get paid for copies sold, and after only one month of display all unsold copies go into the recycle bin, so just about the *only* way you stand to make a profit by taking this route is by running ads, which leads us to Big Sell Out #2. Ahh, but the *upside* to all this is that since we had such an easy time selling ads we were able to add an additional 8 pages to this publication, including four pages of additional *art*. So before any of you start to whine in protest *please take note*: thanks to our shrewd and far-sighted advertisers, not only will the cover price *remain* $2.95, but you're getting *more* for your money. That being said, I think the least you could do is take advantage of the fine products and services offered by our fine sponsors and continue to reap the benefits of this wonderful capitalist/consumer culture we all live in.

Also, if interest in advertising in *Hate* continues to grow we may expand the page count even further, and maybe even include a back-up feature or two. After that, who knows, celebrity profiles; nudie photo spreads; not to mention everyone's favorite: *live band reviews!* But if any further format alterations occur I promise it'll happen slowly, since all these changes are a shock to my system as well. But my ultimate plan is for *Hate* to eventually evolve into a free *advertising circular* that'll be thrown on to your front porch *whether you want it or not*, and this is the first step in that direction!

A World of Trouble #1 ($2.95, Black Eye, 338 Kribs St., Cambridge, Ont. N3C 3J3 Canada) is the latest offering by draftsman extraordinaire Jeremy Eaton, and it pretty much picks up, art and feel-wise, where his old title, **Whot Not**, left off. But what I actually enjoyed even more, I'm almost ashamed to say, is his X-rated one-shot called **Hump Crazy** ($2.95, Eros Comics). A self-described "burlesque sex romp," this thing is chock full of hilarious

puns and perverts, so I urge you to sneak a peek!... The first in a series of up-coming all-new "graphic novellas" from Fantagraphics is Bob Fingerman's **Minimum Wage**, definitely B.F.'s best effort to date, in which he accurately portrays the early, bitter years of just about every underground male cartoonist who ever lived. Read this and find out why you should hold on to your day job ($9.95, Fant.) Also in the "best effort to date" category is S.A. King's **Naked Eye**, specifically issue #3 of 30 from Antarctic Press, ($2.75, 7272 Wurzbach Suite #204, San Antonio, TX 78240), in which S.A. recalls his high school days from the mid-70s. Not surprisingly he comes off looking like an *idiot*, making for a most satisfying read... Kicking things off for the self-publishing camp is a tabloid entitled **San Fran Sicko** ($1.95 to Box 401089, S.F., CA 94140), which mostly reprints some of the superbly talented Mats Stromberg's recent, finely crafted tales of debauchery. Also look for Matso's work in the latest issue of **Last Gasp Comics and Stories #3** ($3.95, Last Gasp [duh!], Box 410067, S.F., CA 94110), which also features the latest efforts from the likes of Brad Johnson,



Danny Hellman, Max Andersson, Stephane Blanquet and many others... A rare treat that just came my way c/o cartoonist/publisher Simon Bossé is **Là Là, Chu Tanney Là!!!**, a beautifully produced mini comic by the one and only Julie Doucet, recounting a very bizarre recurring dream of hers. A *must have item!* Send $5.00 to: Mille Putois, 564 Maple, St. Lambert, Que. J4P 2S7 Canada, and ask Simon about this and other impressive books in this series... Another impressive female Canadian cartoonist whose work I was unfamiliar with 'til now is Rebecca Dart, whose self-published mini comic, **Brains on Toast**, is slated to re-appear as a "real" comic this Nov. The story contained within is rather meandering and fantastical, but she possesses a fertile imagination and a rich drawing style, so keep an eye out on this one! (Her publisher's address is: Phoenix Press, 11655 Teal Blvd., Apt. J, Beaverton, OR 97007. Send $3.00, I guess.)... Last but by no means least is the long, *long*, overdue **Binky Brown Sampler**, a fine collection of strips by Justin Green, one of the first generation of underground comic artists, as well as one of the best cartoonists ever. Featured within is his famous "Binky Brown Meets the Virgin Mary" story, acknowledged by one and all as the first confessional/autobiographical comic strip.

I wouldn't describe the first time I read this story as a *pleasant* experience, since I found both the art *and* the content extremely off-putting and unsettling, but like all powerful work it certainly stayed with me, and I found it worthy of many re-readings. So it's with some trepidation that I urge all of you to track this title down, for its historical as well as its, uh, "entertainment" value. ($16.95, Last Gasp)... I'd like to thank my Hamburg hosts Andreas, Marcel, Uta and everyone else from Carlsen for all that winin', dinin' and sightseein', as well as all those Berliners, esp. Bert Henning (co-owner of "Grober Unfug," a *great* comic shop & gallery) and of course everyone's favorite German, Hansi Kiefersauer! 'Til next ish...

— P.B. Aug. '95

LETTERS

My old pal John Holmstrom once told me that once he started up *Punk* magazine back in the '70s he used to get letters from eager young converts pleading for him to tell them "who to hate" and "who to *kill*." Fortunately, I've never received anything *that* extreme (though it *would* spare me the expense of hiring a body guard), but I am rather touched and relieved by the large number of people who have come to my defense regarding all the criticism of *Hate*'s recent format changes. And here's but a few..

I just finished reading *Hate* #19 and the letters page pissed me off. Why is everybody bitching? I'm goddam sick of the bitching. So sick I actually got off my ass and wrote this letter (an unprecedented event). This comic is as good as or perhaps even better that it has been since issue #1. All these clowns who are suggesting otherwise are succumbing to the distinctively "scenester" tendency to berate anything that:

a) is more than 5 minutes old

b) more than 5 people know about

And you dopes know exactly what I'm talking about. If you don't like what's in *Hate*, then shut the fuck up and buy something else. P. Bagge isn't going to listen to you — if he did this comic would *really* suck.

Fuck everybody
D. Mueller
Raleigh, NC

Dear Peter,

In regards to all the critics who feel the need to bitch about the new *Hate* in color: SHUT THE FUCK UP, ALREADY!

Using my 'Buddy' Zippo with pride,
Robert Smentek
Westmont, NJ

Hey all you whiny tight ass hole alterna-huggin' palsys —

There's *nothing* wrong with *Hate* or Peter Bagge's writing/art/etc. It's *you* — you dumb unappreciative goons. You should be happy that you can even *get* this book! If you're gonna piss your pants in a fit, do it over the cost of the damn book. On second thought, *don't*. It's not gonna change back to cheaper paper & Bagge needs his money. Better yet, drop the new issue of *Evil Schwarz Adventures in Nerdia* and maybe you'll eat this month.

Fuck you, you "anti-ick," "crosshatching," "parallels to life no more" Morman Quoting Bastards!!!

Sincerely pissed reader
Cumberland, ME

Yeah! Go get 'em Mr. (or Ms.) Reader! And here's one more...

To those who say you "sold out" — get real! What's so wrong with becoming popular and using your profits to better improve your product? Those people should go listen to Nirvana or something...

Marc Moscato
Kenmore, NY

Yeah, go listen to Nirvana, you... you... Nirvana Listeners!

Meanwhile...

I recently read these colored monsters you still call *Hate*. First sight I thought I was into Archie or Yogi Bear, except for the story. I miss the flair of the black & white stuff, probably because of the "new" inking or the tasteful colors *(? — P.B.)* However, I'm soon outta here if there's no change soon.

Dirk Klomann
Heidelberg, Germany

For some reason, things never seem as funny to me in color. But don't worry, I'll keep reading it — I have to, I ordered a subscription!

Robin Green
Vista, CA

I am one of the growing number of FORMER readers of *Hate*, who are dismayed to find our lives no longer mirrored by those of your characters. I have now limited my reading to only those titles with characters and situations containing close similarities to my own life. That's why I'm down to just the *Flash* because I can run *real fast*.

Al McCarty
Mpls, MN

You know how people always write to you about something in *Hate* that speaks so clearly to them — some specific reference, situation, or person — to the degree that they feel that *Hate is about them?* Well, I had my epiphany when Lisa admitted to enjoying *Reader's Digest*. It's like when someone struggles with their sexuality all their life, then finally, one day it bursts through them with blinding clarity, defying them to squelch or deny it any longer! *I LOVE READER'S DIGEST!!!!* I *adore* it, I *crave* it, I *need* it — I might *subscribe* to it except it's always at my parents' house — all cozy and inviting in the bathroom. It may be Christian, it may be puritanical, it's often right-wing — but it makes you feel *warm* about life... about humanity and about the spirit of love that embodies our *whole world*. Oh, I feel so good just rhapsodizing about my (and incidentally, Ronald Reagan's) favorite reading periodical!

I better kill myself now.
Jayne Falconieri
NYC, NY

I bought your comic for the 1st time a few months ago — #17. The madball cover attracted me. Since then I've worked my way back & bought the lot & I've seen no evidence of you "selling" or "mellowing out." However you have cost me a lot of money, Mr. so-called Bagge, & therefore I expect Buddy & the gang to visit Australia in an upcoming ish. After all, almost 10 years ago "The Facts of Life" went "Down Under" — remember? Although I don't think they left the studio... But if they can do it (& with a lot of class!) why can't you!?!

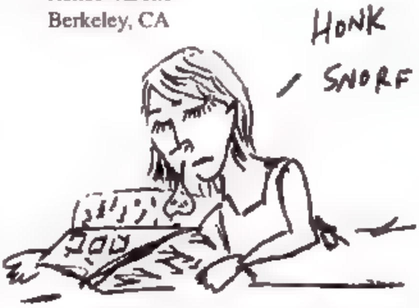
Harry
Wembley, Western Australia

I love *Hate*. I love every single one. You are the best. There can be none better. Buddy is my hero. Jay is cool and cute, but on the negative side he sort of glorifies dangerous drugs. Heroin mainly. Anyways you are the best artist. And in response to one of your letters, you should put out a separate sex comic book also. Is this going to get a negative commentary? I hope not.

Eyekill Coplan
Oakland, CA

The *most* disgusting thing just happened, that I had to write you about it... I was lying on my stomach in bed reading *Hate* #19, when I puke-burped and it came up my nose and dripped out on the back-page letters section. I have a wicked sore throat now.

Renée Varone
Berkeley, CA



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Computer color: REBECCA BOWEN • Typesetting: KIRSTEN OLSEN • Filmwork: DIGICOLOR • Publishers: GARY GROTH and KIM THOMPSON**

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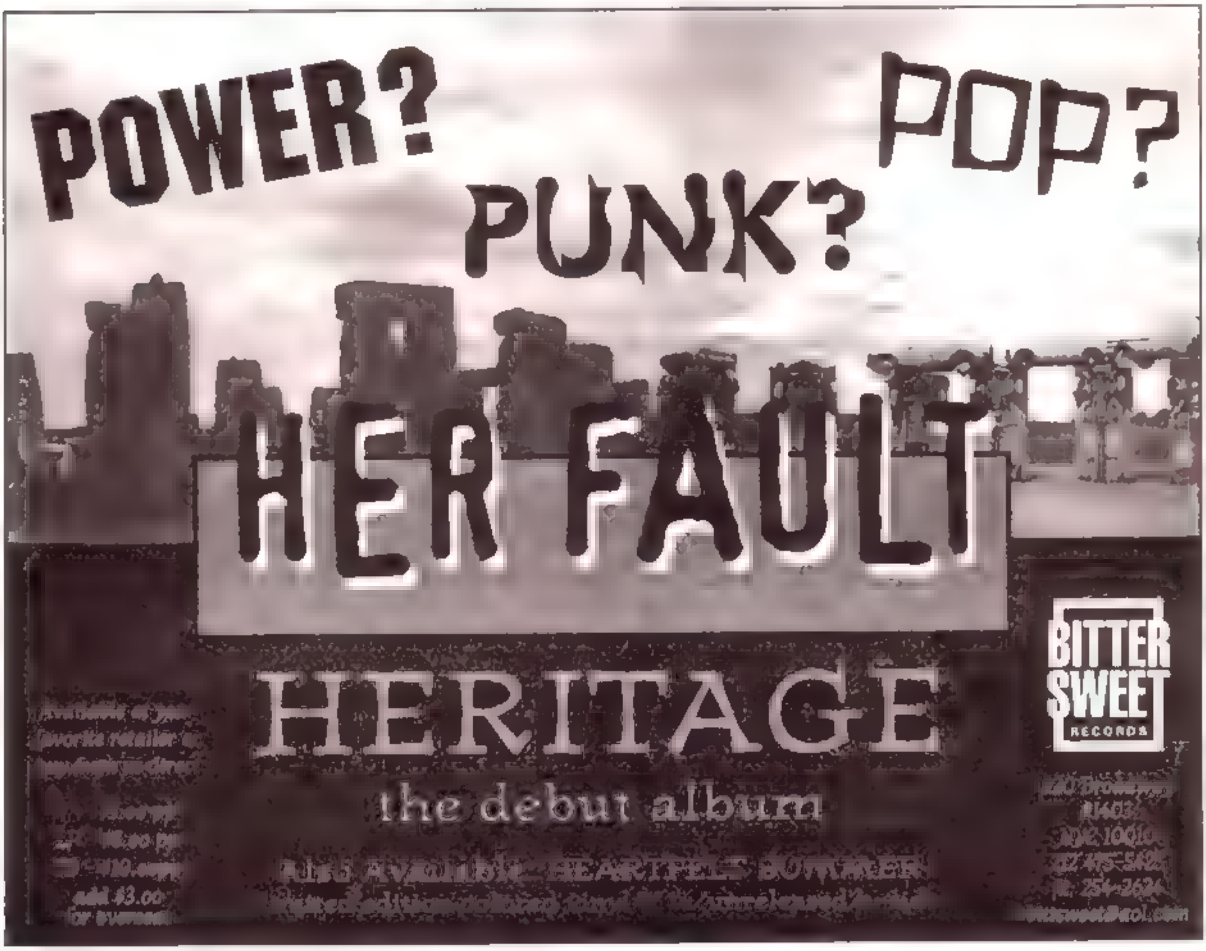

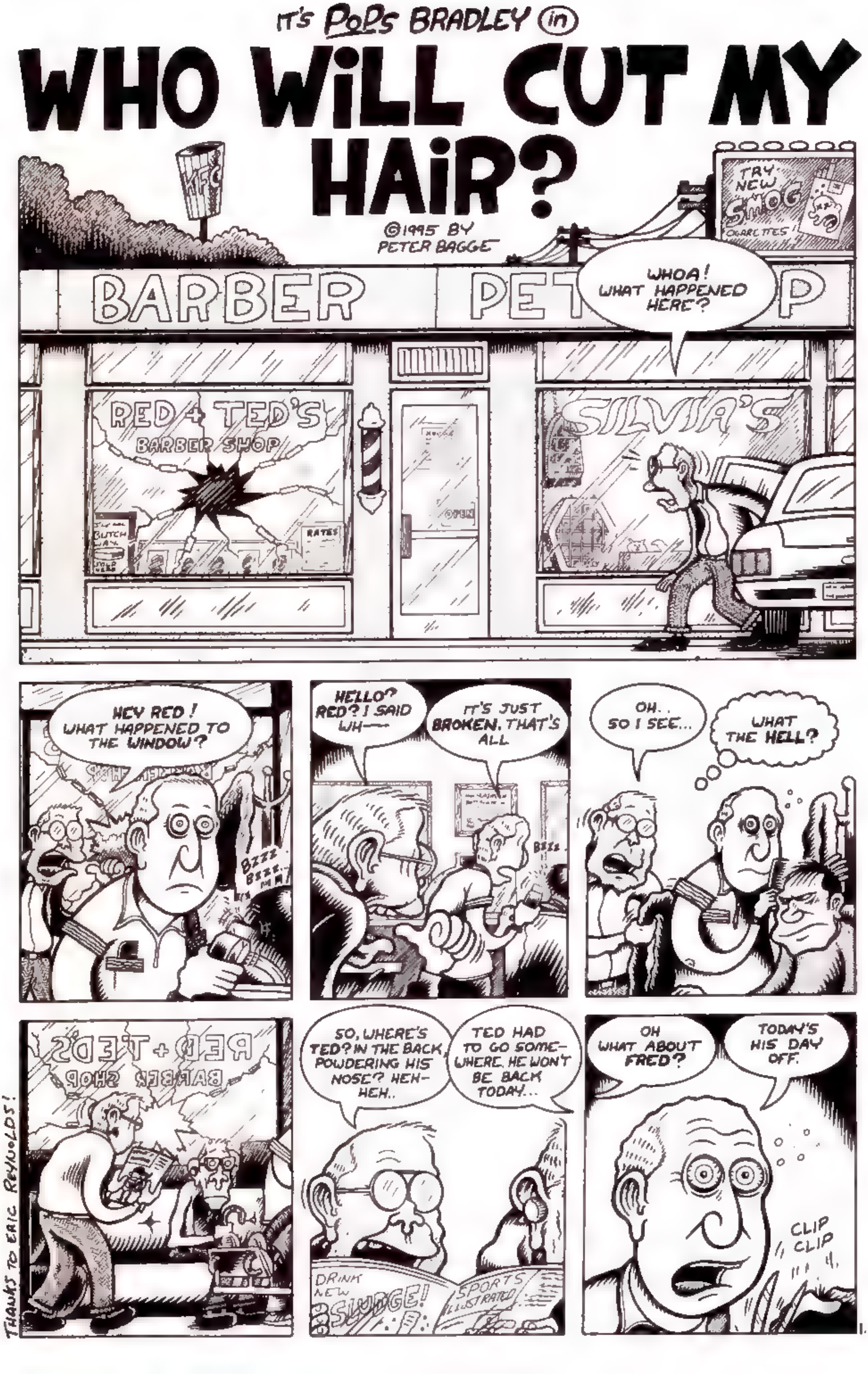
IT'S POPS BRADLEY in
WHO WILL CUT MY HAIR?
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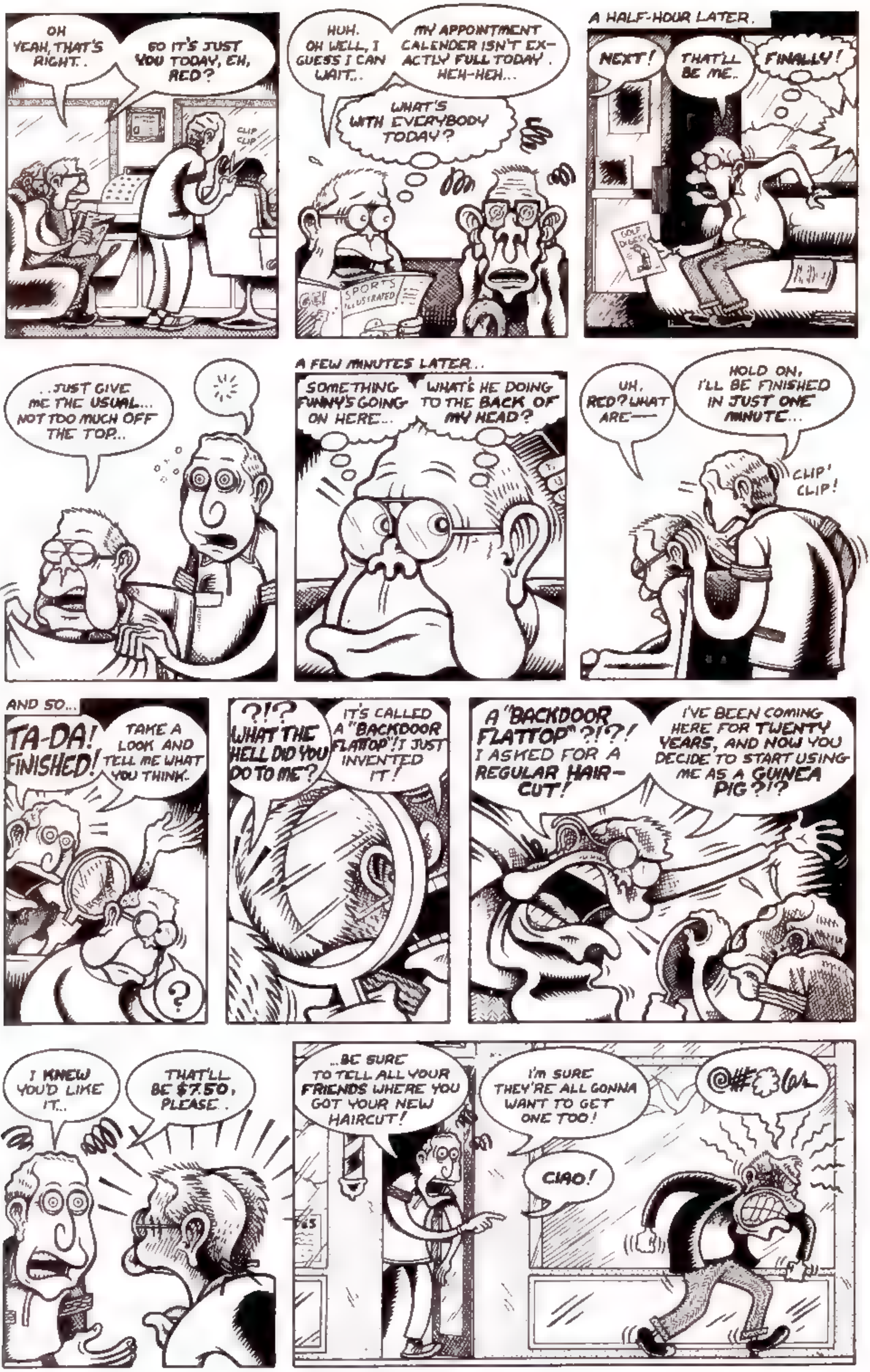
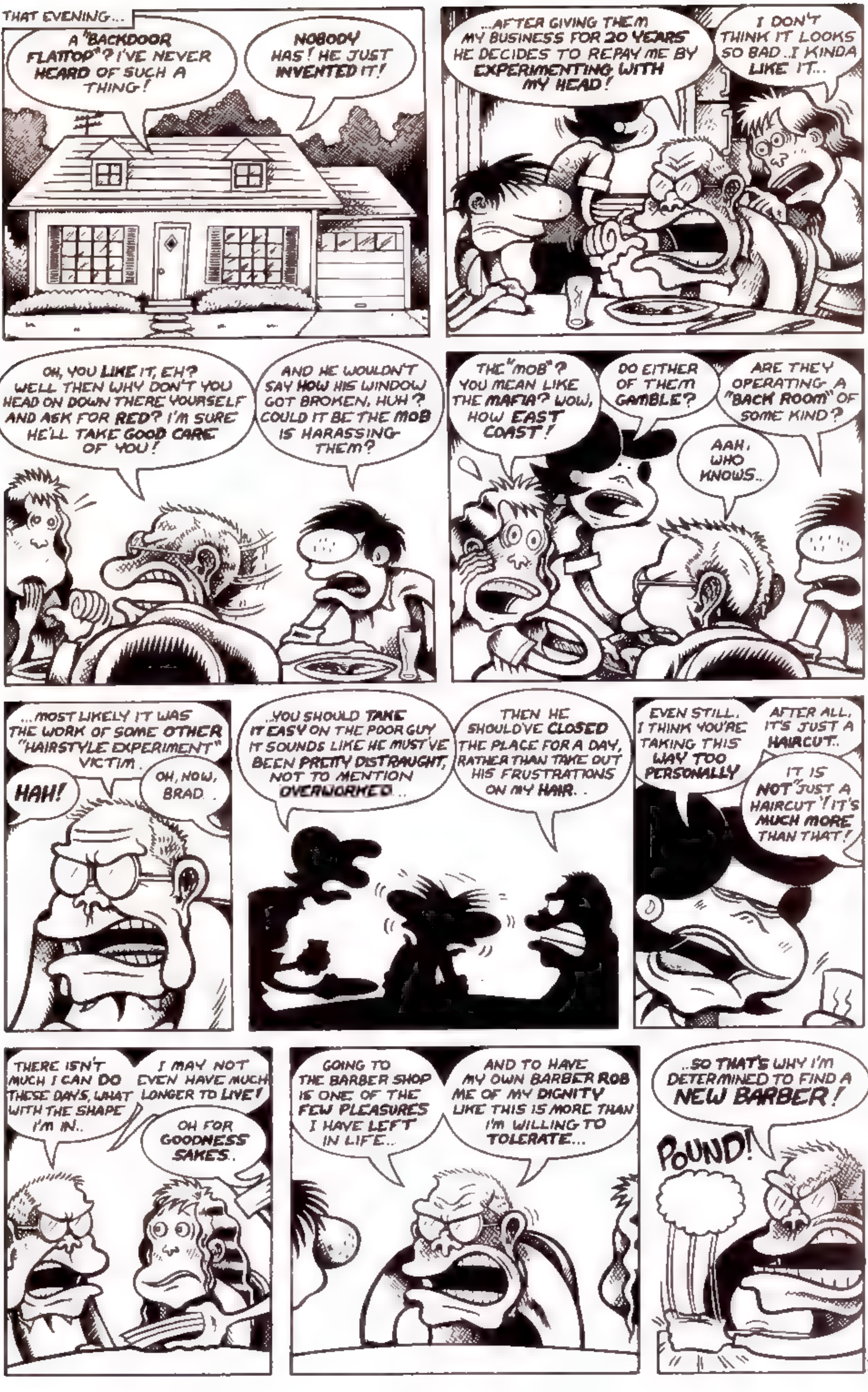
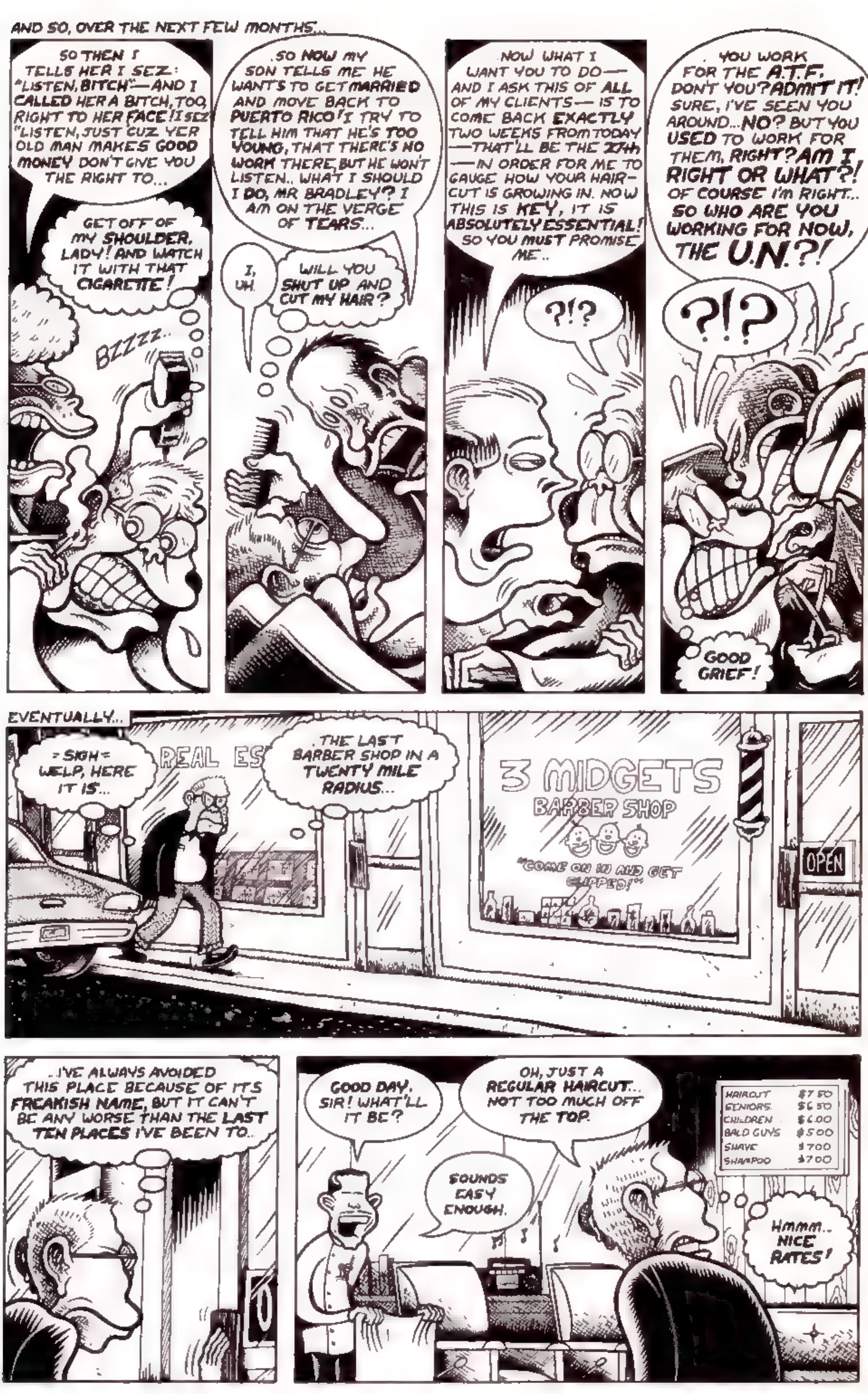
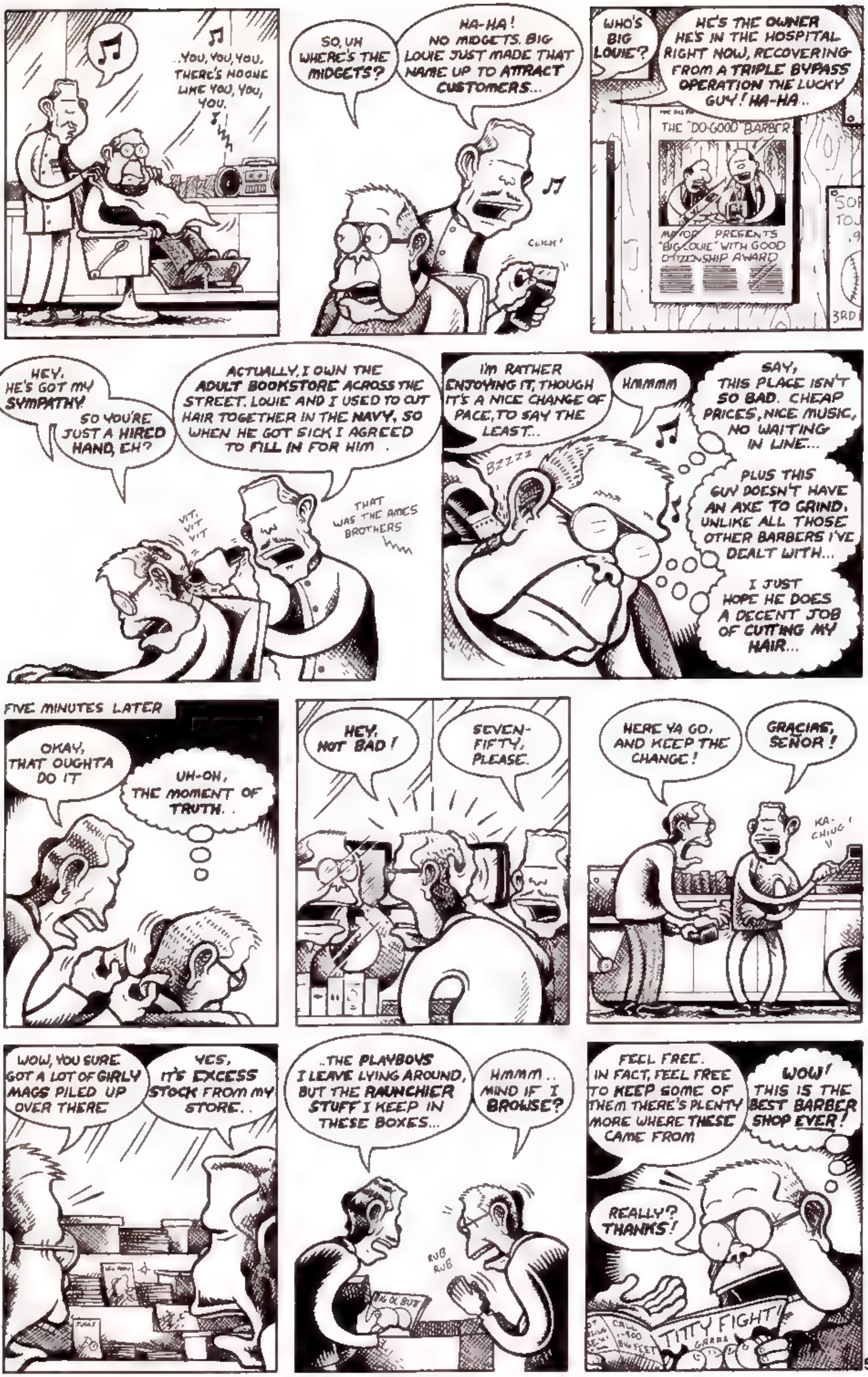
KFC
TRY NEW SMOG CIGARETTES!
BARBER PET P
WHOA! WHAT HAPPENED HERE?
RED + TED'S BARBER SHOP
RATES
OPEN
SILVIA'S
HEY RED! WHAT HAPPENED TO THE WINDOW?
BZZZ BZZZ
HELLO? RED? I SAID WH—
IT'S JUST BROKEN, THAT'S ALL
OH.. SO I SEE...
WHAT THE HELL?
SO, WHERE'S TED? IN THE BACK, POWDERING HIS NOSE? HEH-HEH..
TED HAD TO GO SOME-WHERE. HE WON'T BE BACK TODAY...
DRINK NEW SLUDGE!
SPORTS ILLUSTRATED
OH WHAT ABOUT FRED?
TODAY'S HIS DAY OFF.
CLIP CLIP
THANKS TO ERIC REYNOLDS!

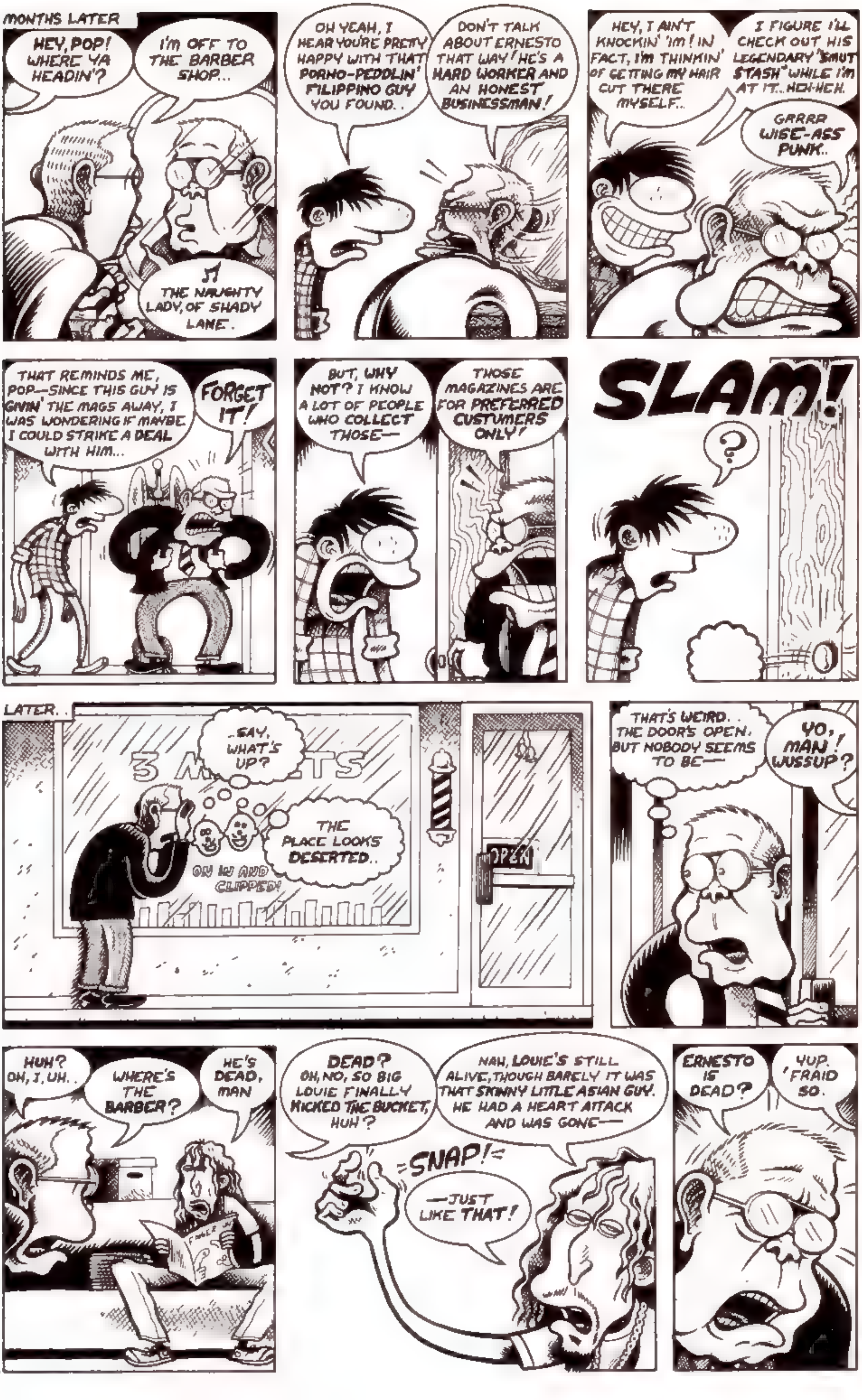


OH YEAH, THAT'S RIGHT..
SO IT'S JUST YOU TODAY, EH, RED?
CLIP CLIP
HUH. OH WELL, I GUESS I CAN WAIT..
MY APPOINTMENT CALENDER ISN'T EXACTLY FULL TODAY. HEH-HEH...
WHAT'S WITH EVERYBODY TODAY?
SPORTS ILLUSTRATED
A HALF-HOUR LATER.
NEXT!
THAT'LL BE ME..
FINALLY!
GOLF DIGEST
..JUST GIVE ME THE USUAL... NOT TOO MUCH OFF THE TOP..
A FEW MINUTES LATER...
SOMETHING FUNNY'S GOING ON HERE...
WHAT'S HE DOING TO THE BACK OF MY HEAD?
UH. RED? WHAT ARE—
HOLD ON, I'LL BE FINISHED IN JUST ONE MINUTE...
CLIP! CLIP!
AND SO...
TA-DA! FINISHED!
TAKE A LOOK AND TELL ME WHAT YOU THINK.
?!? WHAT THE HELL DID YOU DO TO ME?
IT'S CALLED A "BACKDOOR FLATTOP"! I JUST INVENTED IT!
A "BACKDOOR FLATTOP"?!?! I ASKED FOR A REGULAR HAIR-CUT!
I'VE BEEN COMING HERE FOR TWENTY YEARS, AND NOW YOU DECIDE TO START USING ME AS A GUINEA PIG?!?
I KNEW YOU'D LIKE IT...
THAT'LL BE $7.50, PLEASE.
..BE SURE TO TELL ALL YOUR FRIENDS WHERE YOU GOT YOUR NEW HAIRCUT!
I'M SURE THEY'RE ALL GONNA WANT TO GET ONE TOO!
CIAO!

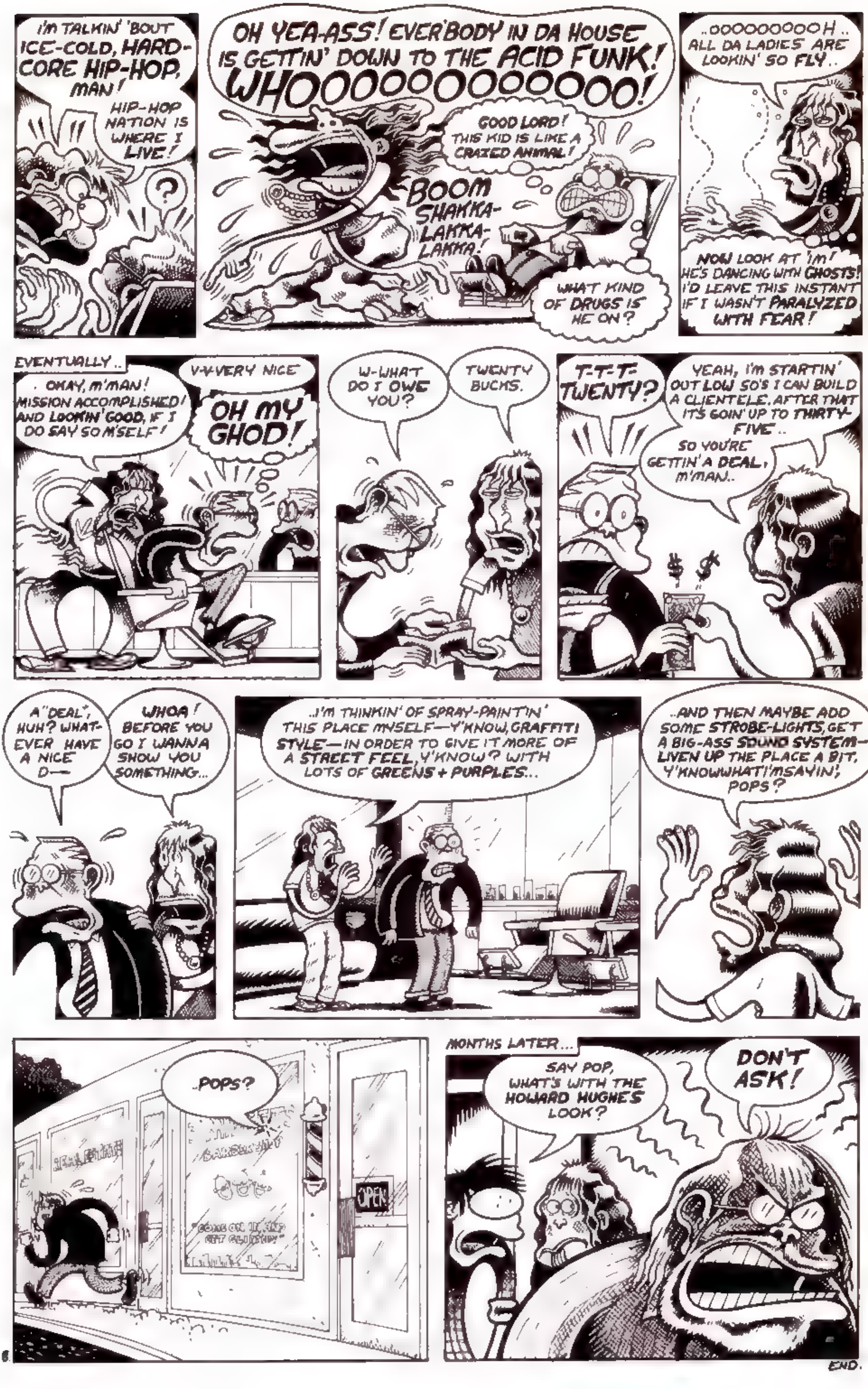

THAT EVENING...
A "BACKDOOR FLATTOP"? I'VE NEVER HEARD OF SUCH A THING!
NOBODY HAS! HE JUST INVENTED IT!
...AFTER GIVING THEM MY BUSINESS FOR 20 YEARS HE DECIDES TO REPAY ME BY EXPERIMENTING WITH MY HEAD!
I DON'T THINK IT LOOKS SO BAD..I KINDA LIKE IT...
OH, YOU LIKE IT, EH? WELL THEN WHY DON'T YOU HEAD ON DOWN THERE YOURSELF AND ASK FOR RED? I'M SURE HE'LL TAKE GOOD CARE OF YOU!
AND HE WOULDN'T SAY HOW HIS WINDOW GOT BROKEN, HUH? COULD IT BE THE MOB IS HARASSING THEM?
THE "MOB"? YOU MEAN LIKE THE MAFIA? WOW, HOW EAST COAST!
DO EITHER OF THEM GAMBLE?
ARE THEY OPERATING A "BACK ROOM" OF SOME KIND?
AAH, WHO KNOWS..
...MOST LIKELY IT WAS THE WORK OF SOME OTHER "HAIRSTYLE EXPERIMENT" VICTIM.
HAH!
OH, NOW, BRAD.
..YOU SHOULD TAKE IT EASY ON THE POOR GUY IT SOUNDS LIKE HE MUST'VE BEEN PRETTY DISTRAUGHT, NOT TO MENTION OVERWORKED...
THEN HE SHOULD'VE CLOSED THE PLACE FOR A DAY, RATHER THAN TAKE OUT HIS FRUSTRATIONS ON MY HAIR..
EVEN STILL, I THINK YOU'RE TAKING THIS WAY TOO PERSONALLY
AFTER ALL, IT'S JUST A HAIRCUT..
IT IS NOT "JUST A HAIRCUT"! IT'S MUCH MORE THAN THAT!
THERE ISN'T MUCH I CAN DO THESE DAYS, WHAT WITH THE SHAPE I'M IN..
I MAY NOT EVEN HAVE MUCH LONGER TO LIVE!
OH FOR GOODNESS SAKES..
GOING TO THE BARBER SHOP IS ONE OF THE FEW PLEASURES I HAVE LEFT IN LIFE...
AND TO HAVE MY OWN BARBER ROB ME OF MY DIGNITY LIKE THIS IS MORE THAN I'M WILLING TO TOLERATE...
POUND!
..SO THAT'S WHY I'M DETERMINED TO FIND A NEW BARBER!


AND SO, OVER THE NEXT FEW MONTHS...
SO THEN I TELLS HER I SEZ: "LISTEN, BITCH"—AND I CALLED HER A BITCH, TOO, RIGHT TO HER FACE! I SEZ "LISTEN, JUST CUZ YER OLD MAN MAKES GOOD MONEY DON'T GIVE YOU THE RIGHT TO...
GET OFF OF MY SHOULDER, LADY! AND WATCH IT WITH THAT CIGARETTE!
BZZZZ..
..SO NOW MY SON TELLS ME HE WANT'S TO GET MARRIED AND MOVE BACK TO PUERTO RICO! I TRY TO TELL HIM THAT HE'S TOO YOUNG, THAT THERE'S NO WORK THERE, BUT HE WON'T LISTEN.. WHAT I SHOULD I DO, MR BRADLEY? I AM ON THE VERGE OF TEARS...
I, UH.
WILL YOU SHUT UP AND CUT MY HAIR?
..NOW WHAT I WANT YOU TO DO—AND I ASK THIS OF ALL OF MY CLIENTS— IS TO COME BACK EXACTLY TWO WEEKS FROM TODAY —THAT'LL BE THE 27th —IN ORDER FOR ME TO GAUGE HOW YOUR HAIRCUT IS GROWING IN. NOW THIS IS KEY, IT IS ABSOLUTELY ESSENTIAL! SO YOU MUST PROMISE ME..
?!?
..YOU WORK FOR THE A.T.F. DON'T YOU? ADMIT IT! SURE, I'VE SEEN YOU AROUND...NO? BUT YOU USED TO WORK FOR THEM, RIGHT? AM I RIGHT OR WHAT?! OF COURSE I'M RIGHT... SO WHO ARE YOU WORKING FOR NOW, THE U.N.?!
?!?
GOOD GRIEF!
EVENTUALLY...
=SIGH= WELP, HERE IT IS...
..THE LAST BARBER SHOP IN A TWENTY MILE RADIUS...
REAL ES
3 MIDGETS BARBER SHOP
"COME ON IN AND GET CLIPPED!"
OPEN
..I'VE ALWAYS AVOIDED THIS PLACE BECAUSE OF ITS FREAKISH NAME, BUT IT CAN'T BE ANY WORSE THAN THE LAST TEN PLACES I'VE BEEN TO..
GOOD DAY, SIR! WHAT'LL IT BE?
OH, JUST A REGULAR HAIRCUT... NOT TOO MUCH OFF THE TOP.
SOUNDS EASY ENOUGH.
HAIRCUT $7.50
SENIORS $6.50
CHILDREN $6.00
BALD GUYS $5.00
SHAVE $7.00
SHAMPOO $7.00
HMMM.. NICE RATES!


..YOU, YOU, YOU. THERE'S NOONE LIKE YOU, YOU, YOU.
SO, UH WHERE'S THE MIDGETS?
HA-HA! NO MIDGETS. BIG LOUIE JUST MADE THAT NAME UP TO ATTRACT CUSTOMERS...
CLICK!
WHO'S BIG LOUIE?
HE'S THE OWNER HE'S IN THE HOSPITAL RIGHT NOW, RECOVERING FROM A TRIPLE BYPASS OPERATION THE LUCKY GUY! HA-HA...
THE "DO-GOOD" BARBER
MAYOR PRESENTS "BIG LOUIE" WITH GOOD CITIZENSHIP AWARD
HEY, HE'S GOT MY SYMPATHY
SO YOU'RE JUST A HIRED HAND, EH?
ACTUALLY, I OWN THE ADULT BOOKSTORE ACROSS THE STREET. LOUIE AND I USED TO CUT HAIR TOGETHER IN THE NAVY, SO WHEN HE GOT SICK I AGREED TO FILL IN FOR HIM.
VIT, VIT VIT
THAT WAS THE AMES BROTHERS
I'M RATHER ENJOYING IT, THOUGH IT'S A NICE CHANGE OF PACE, TO SAY THE LEAST...
HMMMM
SAY, THIS PLACE ISN'T SO BAD. CHEAP PRICES, NICE MUSIC, NO WAITING IN LINE...
PLUS THIS GUY DOESN'T HAVE AN AXE TO GRIND, UNLIKE ALL THOSE OTHER BARBERS I'VE DEALT WITH...
I JUST HOPE HE DOES A DECENT JOB OF CUTTING MY HAIR...
BZZZZ
FIVE MINUTES LATER
OKAY, THAT OUGHTA DO IT
UH-OH, THE MOMENT OF TRUTH..
HEY, NOT BAD!
SEVEN-FIFTY, PLEASE.
HERE YA GO, AND KEEP THE CHANGE!
GRACIAS, SEÑOR!
KA-CHING!
WOW, YOU SURE GOT A LOT OF GIRLY MAGS PILED UP OVER THERE
YES, IT'S EXCESS STOCK FROM MY STORE..
..THE PLAYBOYS I LEAVE LYING AROUND, BUT THE RAUNCHIER STUFF I KEEP IN THESE BOXES...
HMMM.. MIND IF I BROWSE?
RUB RUB
BIG OL BUTT
FEEL FREE. IN FACT, FEEL FREE TO KEEP SOME OF THEM. THERE'S PLENTY MORE WHERE THESE CAME FROM
WOW! THIS IS THE BEST BARBER SHOP EVER!
REALLY? THANKS!
TITTY FIGHT!


MONTHS LATER
HEY, POP! WHERE YA HEADIN'?
I'M OFF TO THE BARBER SHOP...
♫ THE NAUGHTY LADY, OF SHADY LANE.
OH YEAH, I HEAR YOU'RE PRETTY HAPPY WITH THAT PORNO-PEDDLIN' FILIPPINO GUY YOU FOUND..
DON'T TALK ABOUT ERNESTO THAT WAY! HE'S A HARD WORKER AND AN HONEST BUSINESSMAN!
HEY, I AIN'T KNOCKIN' 'IM! IN FACT, I'M THINKIN' OF GETTING MY HAIR CUT THERE MYSELF..
I FIGURE I'LL CHECK OUT HIS LEGENDARY "SMUT STASH" WHILE I'M AT IT..HEH-HEH.
GRRRR WISE-ASS PUNK..
THAT REMINDS ME, POP—SINCE THIS GUY IS GIVIN' THE MAGS AWAY, I WAS WONDERING IF MAYBE I COULD STRIKE A DEAL WITH HIM...
FORGET IT!
BUT, WHY NOT? I KNOW A LOT OF PEOPLE WHO COLLECT THOSE—
THOSE MAGAZINES ARE FOR PREFERRED CUSTUMERS ONLY!
SLAM!
?
LATER..
..SAY, WHAT'S UP?
THE PLACE LOOKS DESERTED..
OPEN
THAT'S WEIRD.. THE DOOR'S OPEN, BUT NOBODY SEEMS TO BE—
YO, MAN! WUSSUP?
HUH? OH, I, UH..
WHERE'S THE BARBER?
HE'S DEAD, MAN
DEAD? OH, NO, SO BIG LOUIE FINALLY KICKED THE BUCKET, HUH?
NAH, LOUIE'S STILL ALIVE, THOUGH BARELY. IT WAS THAT SKINNY LITTLE ASIAN GUY. HE HAD A HEART ATTACK AND WAS GONE—
SNAP!
—JUST LIKE THAT!
ERNESTO IS DEAD?
YUP. 'FRAID SO.

SIGH
OH WELL. SO MUCH FOR GETTING MY HAIRCUT TODAY..
OH, BUT WE'RE STILL OPEN FOR BUSINESS...
YOU ARE? BUT, WHERE'S THE BARBER—
'EY, YOU'RE LOOKIN' AT 'IM, MAN!
OH NO!
STEP RIGHT UP, POPS, AND HAVE A SEAT!
WHAT'LL IT BE: THE "USUAL"? OR SOMETHING DIF'?
I, UH, DON'T UNDER-STAND..
IT'S SIMPLE, MAN — I BOUGHT THE PLACE!
BIG LOUIE WAS DESPERATE TO UNLOAD THIS JOINT, SO I SNATCHED IT UP FOR A SONG!
FLAP!
BY THE WAY, MY NAME'S ANDRÉ, AND THAT'S WHAT I'M CALLIN' THIS PLACE: "ANDRÉ'S".
D-DO YOU KNOW HOW TO C-C-CUT HAIR, ANDRÉ?
DO I?! YO, JUST WAIT 'TIL YOU CHECK OUT MAH SKILLS, MAN!
UP 'TIL NOW I JUST CUT OLD LADIES' HAIR AT A NEARBY SALON, BUT WHEN THIS PLACE WENT UP FOR GRABS I JUST HAD TO JUMP ON IT, Y'KNOW WHAT I'M SAYIN'?
BZZZZ
I—
SNIP SNIP
YO, LET US HAVE SOME EN-TOE-TAIN-MENT..
?
CLICK
COMING UP NEXT ON MTV.
MTV? IN A BARBER SHOP?
YO, MAN, THIS IS THE '90'S! GET WITH THE PROGRAM!
—OOH! CHECK IT OUT! THIS BEASTIE BOYS VIDEO IS FUCKIN' A-1 BRILLIANT, MAN!
IT'S THE ONE WHERE THEY SPOOF ON '70'S COP SHOWS — HAVE YOU SEEN IT?
ERRR... NO.
OH GREAT. NOW LOOK WHAT'S COMIN' ON—MORE OF THIS BOGUS, PITIFUL "ALTERNATIVE" BULLSHIT..
WHY DON'T YOU HURRY UP AND DIE, YA HAG!
I, UH, TAKE IT YOU'RE NOT TOO FOND OF THIS PARTICULAR ACT...
THE GIRL WITH THE MOST CAKE. WHINE MOAN...
HUH? DID YOU SAY SOME-THING?
NEVER MIND..
WILL YOU QUIT LEAPING AROUND AND CUT MY HAIR?!
LISTEN MAN, THERE'S ONLY ONE KIND OF SOUND THAT I'M INTO..
OH? AND W-WHAT'S THAT?


I'M TALKIN' 'BOUT ICE-COLD, HARD-CORE HIP-HOP, MAN!
HIP-HOP NATION IS WHERE I LIVE!
?
OH YEA-ASS! EVER'BODY IN DA HOUSE IS GETTIN' DOWN TO THE ACID FUNK! WHOOOOOOOOOOOO!
GOOD LORD! THIS KID IS LIKE A CRAZED ANIMAL!
BOOM SHAKKA-LAKKA-LAKKA!
WHAT KIND OF DRUGS IS HE ON?
..OOOOOOOOOH.. ALL DA LADIES ARE LOOKIN' SO FLY..
NOW LOOK AT 'IM! HE'S DANCING WITH GHOSTS! I'D LEAVE THIS INSTANT IF I WASN'T PARALYZED WITH FEAR!
EVENTUALLY..
. OKAY, M'MAN! MISSION ACCOMPLISHED! AND LOOKIN' GOOD, IF I DO SAY SO M'SELF!
V-V-VERY NICE
OH MY GHOD!
W-WHAT DO I OWE YOU?
TWENTY BUCKS.
T-T-T-TWENTY?
YEAH, I'M STARTIN' OUT LOW SO'S I CAN BUILD A CLIENTELE. AFTER THAT IT'S GOIN' UP TO THIRTY-FIVE..
SO YOU'RE GETTIN' A DEAL, M'MAN..
A "DEAL", HUH? WHAT-EVER. HAVE A NICE D—
WHOA! BEFORE YOU GO I WANNA SHOW YOU SOMETHING...
..I'M THINKIN' OF SPRAY-PAINT'IN' THIS PLACE MYSELF—Y'KNOW, GRAFFITI STYLE—IN ORDER TO GIVE IT MORE OF A STREET FEEL, Y'KNOW? WITH LOTS OF GREENS + PURPLES...
..AND THEN MAYBE ADD SOME STROBE-LIGHTS, GET A BIG-ASS SOUND SYSTEM—LIVEN UP THE PLACE A BIT, Y'KNOWWHATI'MSAYIN', POPS?
..POPS?
OPEN
MONTHS LATER...
SAY POP, WHAT'S WITH THE HOWARD HUGHES LOOK?
DON'T ASK!
END.

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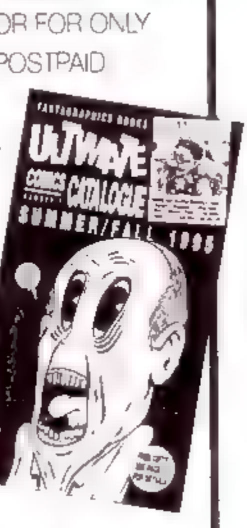

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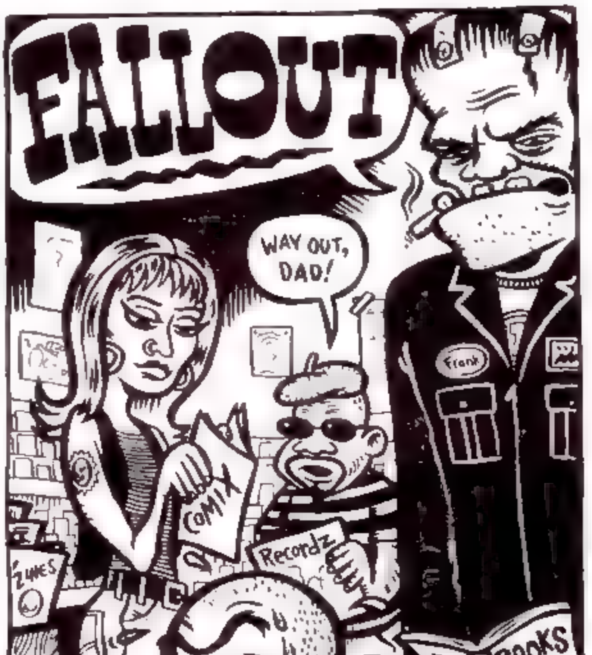

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